ROBERT OGDEN TYLER

A MEMORIAL

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OF

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL

ROBERT OGDEN TYLER,

U. S. ARMY,

TOGETHER WITH HIS JOURNAL

OF

TWO MONTHS' TRAVEL

IN

BRITISH AND FARTHER INDIA.

[PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.]

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TO

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD,

U. S. ARMY,

ONE OF THE MOST DEVOTED OF HIS FRIENDS, HIS CLASS-MATE, AND FOR SEVERAL YEARS ON THE PACIFIC COAST HIS COMMANDING OFFICER,

THIS TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY

OF

ROBERT OGDEN TYLER

IS HEREBY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

For the following record of the military career of Robert Ogden Tyler, his family are indebted to that distinguished soldier and scholar, General George W. Cullum, U. S. Army.

The journal of "Two Months' Travel in British and Farther India" is selected from the accumulated correspondence of many years,—from letters written from every State and Territory of his own country where duty called him, and from the old countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa, to which his travels extended. It tells of his interesting experiences of Oriental life, and will enable his friends to see, through eyes now closed, alas! forever, the imperishable monuments and barbaric splendors of the most luxurious empire of the East.

Wedded only to his country, with none left to bear his name or transmit his noble characteristics, he lives in the history of a most eventful period, and in the hearts of numberless surviving friends.

Hartford, 1878.

IN MEMORIAM.

ROBERT OGDEN TYLER.

ROBERT OGDEN TYLER.

Brevet Major-General Robert Ogden Tyler, U.S. Army, son of Frederick and Sophia Tyler, was born December 22, 1831, in Hunter, Greene County, New York, and died December 1, 1874, at Boston, Massachusetts, having attained nearly the age of forty-three years. His paternal grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution; and three of his paternal uncles were officers of the United States Army, of whom one, General Daniel Tyler, was graduated at the Military Academy in 1819.*

* General Tyler derived his name from one of his paternal ancestors, Robert Ogden, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. His grandfather, Daniel Tyler, of Brooklyn, Connecticut, a graduate of Harvard College in 1771, married for his first wife the daughter of General Israel Putnam, with whose command he served as Adjutant at the battle of Bunker Hill, and subsequently during the war of the Revolution. His second wife, the grandmother of Robert Ogden Tyler, was Sarah Edwards, eldest daughter of Judge Timothy Edwards and Rhoda Ogden, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and granddaughter of President Jonathan Edwards and Sarah Pierrepont, his wife.

When young Tyler was seven years old, his family removed to Hartford, Connecticut, where he received an excellent English education, and was thoroughly fitted to enter college; but his inherited military tastes decided him to become a Cadet at West Point. Through the kind offices of the late Honorable James Dixon, then a member of Congress from Connecticut, and afterwards for many years a Senator of the United States, a cadet's warrant was conferred upon him, and he entered the Military Academy July 1, 1849. His course at the Military Academy was creditable, but not brilliant as compared with that of some of his distinguished classmates, McPherson, Schofield, Vincent, etc. Upon graduation he was appointed, July 1, 1853, a Brevet Second Lieutenant of Artillery, and assigned to duty at Barrancas Barracks, Florida. He became a full Second Lieutenant, Third Regiment of Artillery, and in the spring of 1854 joined Brevet Colonel Steptoe's command, with which he marched from the Mississippi to the Pacific, spending the winter at Salt Lake; and in the following spring he crossed the alkaline plains and through the cañons of the Sierra Nevada to San Francisco, taking

Through the latter he was a descendant of Rev. Thomas Hooker, the founder of the first English colony in Hartford. His father, Frederick Tyler, still resides in that city, enjoying a vigorous old age, having in his eighty-fourth year, with his mind unimpaired, survived most of his generation.

post at the Presidio. The next year he was stationed at Forts Vancouver and Dalles; was engaged in the expedition against the Yakima Indians, and received his promotion, September 1, of First Lieutenant. Soon after joining his company at San Francisco, he was ordered to Fort Yuma, California, probably the most uncomfortable of our frontier posts. Here he was engaged in the responsible duties of Quartermaster, and of conducting several detachments of recruits across the hot arid desert of Lower California, to which he often afterwards referred as the most disagreeable of all his army service.

Lieutenant Tyler participated, in 1858, in the Spokane expedition, being engaged in the combats of the Four Lakes and of Spokane Plains, and in the skirmish on Spokane River, in all of which contests he bore a most creditable part. He was attached, in 1859, to T. W. Sherman's Light Battery at Fort Ridgely, Minnesota, which proved to him a valuable school of instruction; and the next year he joined his company at the Fort Columbus Recruiting Depot, New York harbor, where he remained until the breaking out of the Rebellion.

Lieutenant Tyler sailed, in April, 1861, with the expedition intended to relieve Fort Sumter, Charleston harbor, South Carolina; was an unwilling spectator of the bombardment

of that almost powerless work; and returned to New York City on the steamer Baltic, which brought off Major Anderson and his gallant command. Soon after, he was assigned to duty as Inspector-General on the staff of Major-General Patterson, which position he relinquished to take command, in May, 1861, of a Light Battery, with which he assisted in opening the communications through Baltimore, Maryland, closed after the attack of April 19, upon the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment.

Lieutenant Tyler was appointed, May 17, 1861, a Captain in the Quartermaster's Department, and was immediately ordered to Alexandria, Virginia, with Ellsworth's Zouaves, to establish depots, from which, during the whole of 1861, supplies of stores and provisions were distributed to the forces in Virginia and around Washington.

Captain Tyler, September 17, 1861, was next appointed Colonel of the Fourth Connecticut Volunteers, a regiment which, from bad handling in the Shenandoah Valley, had become completely demoralized, and whose rank and file were fast deserting their colors. It was under such discouraging circumstances that the young Colonel took command; but, almost as by magic, these raw, disorderly militia recruits were suddenly transformed into disciplined soldiers. He established schools for both commissioned and non-commissioned officers; gave promotion to the more exemplary and deserving; and at

his post near Washington (Fort Richardson) commenced that system of minute, practical instruction, which subsequently made this regiment the admiration of the army. His Argus eyes saw everything; all soldierly acts were rewarded, and severe punishment was inflicted for every breach of military discipline; and, while indulgent to the obedient and prompt to commend merit, he was, at the same time, as stern as fate to the derelict and the insubordinate.

Colonel Tyler's regiment, by order of the War Department, became, January 2, 1862, the "First Connecticut Heavy Artillery," and continued in the defences of Washington till April 4, 1862, when Tyler was assigned to the command of the siege-train of the Army of the Potomac. He conducted seventy-one pieces of artillery to Yorktown,—the first objective in the Virginia Peninsula campaign,—but the enemy abandoned the place just as the guns, with much labor, were put in battery. With great difficulty the same train was afterwards embarked and transported to the "White House" on the Pamunkey River.

In the subsequent movements on Richmond, Colonel Tyler received high commendations for the distinguished part his regiment took in the capture of Hanover Court-House, and in the battles of Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill. When General McClellan retired upon Washington, Colonel Tyler's

regiment did splendid service, in concert with the gunboats, in protecting the rear of the army. With incredible effort, and under the most trying difficulties, he brought off the entire siege-train, saving many of his heavy guns by drawing them away by hand. Of his meritorious conduct in this campaign, the Adjutant-General of Connecticut officially said: "The high reputation for discipline and drill acquired by this regiment, during its arduous services in the field, was due in a great measure to the acknowledged excellence and superior qualities of the commanding officer." At the same time the President of the United States, in recognition of his brilliant services, appointed him, November 29, 1862, a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

Upon the application of General Burnside, who had succeeded McClellan, General Tyler was assigned to the command of the artillery of the Centre Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac, in which position he did excellent service during the battle and bombardment of Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13–15, 1862.

General Tyler was assigned, May 2, 1863, to the command of the "Artillery Reserve" of the Army of the Potomac, which played an important part in the battle of Chancellorsville, and in the pursuit of Lee's army into Pennsylvania. At the battle of Gettysburg this Artillery Reserve comprised over

one hundred and thirty guns and more than three hundred ammunition-wagons. The grand part which the artillery played in this death-struggle with the Confederacy is too well known to require description here. Impatiently awaiting the signal for action, Hunt, the chief, and Tyler, his able assistant, opened with almost one hundred guns, from Cemetery Hill to the Round Tops, upon Pickett's magnificent assaulting column, tearing vast gaps in the advancing ranks, and almost annihilating that proud array of eighteen thousand of the best Southern infantry. General Tyler, in this battle of the giants, had two horses shot under him, and his coolness, skill, and intrepidity contributed greatly to the success of the final struggle. General Meade, in his official despatch, warmly commended his "efficient and distinguished services;" and Swinton, in his "History of the Army of the Potomac," says, "as the batteries exhausted their ammunition it was replaced by the 'Artillery Reserve,' sent forward by its efficient chief, General Robert O. Tyler." After Gettysburg, Tyler was engaged in the pursuit of the enemy to Culpepper, Virginia; and commanded the artillery in the combat of Rappahannock Station, and in the Mine Run operations. From January 1 to May, 1864, he was a division commander in the Twenty-Second Army Corps, covering the Capital and the communications of the Army of the Potomac; and afterwards, in com-

mand of a division of heavy artillery, was attached to the Second Army Corps.

On the opening of the Richmond campaign, General Tyler was ordered to Belle Plain, to take command of a division of heavy artillery, acting as infantry, attached to the Army of the Potomac; and in the battles about Spottsylvania, when occupying the extreme right, May 19, 1864, he gallantly repulsed a furious assault of Ewell's Confederate corps in such a manner as to win from General Meade a congratulatory order, "thanking General Tyler, his officers and men, for their gallant conduct and brilliant success in the engagement."

In the subsequent vigorous pursuit of the enemy by the Army of the Potomac, he fought at North Anna, Tolopotomy, and Cold Harbor. In this last terrible battle, leading his picked brigade, he was severely wounded by a rifle-ball passing through his ankle. Finding himself disabled, he sent an order to Colonel Porter, of the Eighth New York Artillery, to assume the command; but that accomplished gentleman, ripe scholar, and gallant officer had already fallen before the foe. The next in rank was the brave McMahon, who, with a part of his regiment, had just stormed the opposing intrenchments and planted his colors thereon; but he too had been pierced with many wounds, and gave up his life in the enemy's hands. Cold Harbor will long be remembered

as the bravest battle and bloodiest butchery of this campaign, without accomplishing a single military result. Grant lost not less than *seven thousand* veteran soldiers in this engagement, and when he ordered a renewal of the assault, "the whole army, correctly appreciating what the inevitable issue must be, silently disobeyed." For ten days after, so exhausted were both armies by the fearful carnage that they lay supine confronting each other in their trenches.

Tyler's active military career was now closed; his hitherto vigorous constitution had received a shock from which he never recovered; and, as truly remarked by a friend, "although he long survived the war, he was *killed* at Cold Harbor."

For his many distinguished services he was brevetted in the Regular Army a Major for Fredericksburg; Lieutenant-Colonel for Gettysburg; Colonel for Spottsylvania; Brigadier-General for Cold Harbor; and Major-General "for gallant and meritorious services in the field during the Rebellion." Besides these well-earned honors, he received a sixth brevet, that of Major-General of United States Volunteers, "for great gallantry at the battle of Cold Harbor."

The citizens of Hartford, the abode of his boyhood, presented General Tyler with a sword of honor as a token of their regard and of their appreciation of his personal gallantry

at Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, and the honorable distinction he had won in the many engagements of the Civil War. Connecticut, his adopted State, through its legislature, passed a graceful resolution, thanking him for his distinguished military services in the many battles in which he had won unfading laurels.

After a six months' sick-leave of absence on account of his severe wound, he went on duty as Commissioner, on the part of the United States, for the disbursement of the Cotton Fund for the supply of rebel prisoners; and this duty having terminated, he was assigned to the command of the District of Delaware and the Eastern Shore (to which Pennsylvania was subsequently added), with headquarters in the city of Philadelphia.

Upon the re-organization of the army after the close of the war, General Tyler was appointed, July 29, 1866, Lieutenant-Colonel and Deputy Quartermaster-General, being successively stationed, as chief of his department, at Charleston, South Carolina, Louisville, Kentucky, San Francisco, California, New York City, and Boston, Massachusetts. In this lesser sphere of action he exhibited the same zeal, energy, industry, and conscientiousness that had characterized his stirring career in the recent war.

General Tyler's declining health, consequent upon his

wound, induced him to make a trip to Europe in 1868–69; and again, in August, 1872, to apply for a year's leave of absence for the purpose of making the tour round the world. Sailing from San Francisco, he visited Japan and China, and from India wrote the journal which accompanies this memoir. His long journey brought him no relief; and on his return, for month after month—while performing his duties with punctilious fidelity—he secretly suffered, growing weaker and weaker, till death suddenly closed his brief and brilliant career.

He was buried at Hartford, in the beautiful Cedar Hill Cemetery, with the highest military honors. The Governor of Connecticut ordered the flags of all the military departments of the State to be displayed at half-staff; the public offices to be closed on the day he was to be buried; and four companies of the First Connecticut National Guards to be detailed, under the command of the Colonel of the regiment, to act as a funeral escort to the deceased.

His devoted sister, Mrs. Cowen, thus writes of him: "So closed the earthly career of this gallant officer and true soldier. His record tells its own story, but it cannot speak of the high qualities which made up the finished character. His strict sense of justice; his perfect integrity and fine sense of honor; his devoted love of country and his loyalty to his

friends; his scrupulous regard for the feelings of others; his cultivated mind and warm, affectionate heart,—who can justly estimate in words the value of all these characteristics?"

GEORGE W. CULLUM,

Brevet Major-General U. S. Army.

TWO MONTHS' TRAVEL

IN

BRITISH AND FARTHER INDIA.

JOURNAL.

MALTA, April 14, 1873.

MY DEAR SISTER,—We travelled so rapidly through India that I could not be a frequent correspondent. Consider this journal, then, a long-winded series of letters. I have written it up usually after a considerable interval of time, partly from brief memoranda, but generally from memory.

I have tried to give you a faithful account of our lives, and what passed before our eyes from day to day. I have avoided guide-books, and have not done your extensive reading the injustice of trying to pass off as my own, extracts from those who have written better and more fully on the same topics. I feel that I ought to beg pardon for the lack of incident and adventure. When advised to seek opportunities to hunt the wild beasts of India, I have declined on the ground that I have no quarrel with the animals, as they have never injured either my relatives or myself. I have also pleaded lack of practice. My offer, however, to take a day's tiger-shooting in any convenient zoological garden, where the cages were reasonably secure, has not been acceded to with any marked alacrity.

We have avoided rather than sought colonial society, knowing that when dinners and junketings commence, sight-

seeing is at an end. We have tried, instead, to see something of the people and of their habits.

I should, perhaps, apologize for words of the Indian vernacular so freely scattered through these notes. They are, however, always those in common use. Their purport can be readily gathered from the context, and they convey meanings which cannot always be expressed by translation or paraphrases.

I will not deprecate your criticism, as I know your sisterly predilections have ever blinded you to your brother's shortcomings. Yours,

R. O. Tyler.

To Mrs. S. S. Cowen.

Singapore, December 16, 1872.

J—— and I arrived this morning from Batavia on the good Dutch ship the Baron Bentinck. We betook ourselves to the Hôtel d'Europe, where we had passed one night on our way to Java. We are tolerably well lodged, and feel the comfort of spreading out "like the green bay-tree," after being so long "cabinned, cribbed, confined" to a ship's stateroom. The Hôtel d'Europe consists of a long line of barrack-like buildings, with two or three detached quarters, like bastions, in front. From one of these floats the United States flag, showing the vicinity of the consulate. The "compound," rich with flowers, and waving with palms and tropical trees, is surrounded by a most eye-blinding whitewashed wall. The whole faces on the public square, and that again on the open harbor. Around the square stand several monuments and

public buildings, and it is here that at sunset the wealth and beauty and fashion of Singapore exhibit themselves. At that hour may be seen every kind of conveyance, from the liveried equipage and outriders of the Governor of the Straits Settlement to the cab-like public gharry with its rat of a horse. Gigs (here called buggies), horsemen, pony-wagons, victorias, and dog-carts, with the most motley crew riding therein,—Europeans, Chinese, Parsees, Malays, Indian Baboos, and occasional sailors from men-of-war in the harbor,—whirl in an ever-turning kaleidoscope of color, costume, feature, and race around the public drive, all with a background of warm clouds lit by the setting sun. As soon as the arrival of a stranger is known at the hotel, he is besieged by a swarm of guides, body-servants, barbers, tailors, washermen (dhobes), cane-dealers, and peddlers, seeking the patronage of the new-comer. The first thing to be done is to employ a servant. Without this appendage a gentleman loses caste at Singapore. He who runs his own errands, carries his own bundles, packs his own luggage, and brushes his own clothes, shall remain unattended at breakfast, neglected at dinner, and from his apartment, without a bell, shall cry "Boy!" unanswered, along the piazzas of the hotel. With a servant you are saluted by the title of "master." He enforces in himself and on others the reverence which is your just due. He salaams you on your approach, going through the motion of placing on his forehead the earth you have honored with your tread, and on entering your apartment he respectfully removes his slippers, but not his turban. During our stay, a little, English-speaking Kling, with handsome features, charcoal in shade, is selected to serve on our staff, and entrusted with

my keys. He rejoices in the name of Smythe. A bath (a most convenient one being attached to each room), fresh linen and clothing drawn from lower depths of our trunks than steamer travelling permits, prepared the outer man for the refreshment of the inner, at a nine o'clock breakfast.

I do not think that the general table-d'hôte of Singapore can compare with a similar repast in Europe or America. The fruits, such as oranges, bananas, and pineapples, are good, but in the one article of curry, the Straits (so called) are super-excellent, and unapproachable. You seat yourself beneath the waving punka, and your servant, after tempting your appetite with other viands, brings you a great bowl of rice, white as snow, and each grain unagglutinated with the mass, from which you will do well to heap your plate; then to you he bears the curry of mutton, chicken, cucumber, or shrimp, with a warm, yellow gravy, with which you crown your hillock of rice until it runs down the side like Vesuvian lava; then comes a hexagonal tray, with saucers neatly fitting into its angles, containing "chutneys,"—some salt, some fresh, some hot, some aromatic, sweet, sour, and compounded of I know not what torrid fruits and spices. From these the veteran in the tropics daintily selects his condiments, and makes a mixture, "slab and good," to suit his particular taste. But the tyro and inexperienced "globe-trotter," controlled by no kindly directing expert, must experiment for himself, by placing dabs of each around his plate, and by cautiously trying each. He should take care, however, lest some combination of unknown and innocent-looking exterior should unexpectedly scorch his mouth with a fire unquenchable by water. It is said that the composition should be so deftly prepared that each

mouthful should have a separate and distinct flavor. To that skill I have not yet attained.

After breakfast, mails, and letters of credit and introduction, come in order, to a new arrival. A "gharry," a pony, and a howling Malay driver soon made the circuit for us of the bankers, ship-agents, and correspondents we desired to see.

Here at Singapore, even more than elsewhere, may be marked the decline of American commerce and enterprise. Here in one of the commercial centres of the world—the entrepôt for the fruits, gums, and spices of the Archipelago and the Straits, all largely consumed in the United States,—the radiating point from which all the war and commercial navies of the world take a new departure between the India and China seas—we have only found *two* Americans, and those doing business in the name of an English house, while no vessel flying the stars and stripes could be observed among the fleet of shipping in the harbor. Even our Consul was born a Swiss. I am glad to see, however, that our representatives here are good Americans, and I do not believe that, like a recreant I heard of in Hong-Kong, they would be willing to give ten years of life to have been born in England. A letter to one of these Americans, Mr. Cyrus Wakefield, brought us a hearty welcome and immediate offers of service and hospitality. After the shaking up of sea-voyaging, however, both body and mind require settling, so we deferred acceptance to an early day. After eleven o'clock in the morning, we found *pajamas* and other airy suits conformable to the climate, but we sent for a carriage-and-pair after four o'clock, in order to take advantage of the cooler evening to see the environs of Singapore. I think our turn-

out would have made a sensation in Central Park,—a tolerable barouche, into which were harnessed steeds which barely escaped being skeletons, a coachman and two footmen in livery consisting of hats and coats gorgeous to behold, a cotton cloth about the loins, and below this nothing but the integument supplied by nature. We trusted the coachman to select his own route, but, after seeing nothing in particular, and finding that after the first half-hour we were making a series of détours, all of which seemed to point toward a return to the hotel, J—— took the direction in hand himself, and, seeing behind the town a high hill crowned by earthworks and a citadel, made sail, with some protestations by the driver, to make the ascent. After much tugging, halting, and balking by our team, we finally entered the gateway of the fort. We found it filled with comfortable quarters for officers and soldiers of the garrison, and ramparts commanding a most extensive view of the city and harbor. A high signal staff for shipping is on the *terre-plein*, and we found a corporal who civilly explained to us the various signals, and told us that in very clear weather he had distinguished and signalled vessels forty miles at sea. After enjoying the view and sunset, we returned to dinner, which, with a post-prandial cigar, finished the day.

SINGAPORE, December 17, 1872.

As there was every prospect of a long stay here while waiting for the steamer for Calcutta, and I had no desire too soon to exhaust the sights and enjoyments of Singapore, I was not sorry to find on awaking that I should probably be kept in my room by a rainy day. Besides, I had letters to write, and the sultry, heavy atmosphere gave a pretext for hanging around

all day in *pajamas*, that perfect Chinese costume for undress lounging in hot countries. About four o'clock, however, the rain held up sufficiently to permit Mr. Wakefield to come for us, as he had promised, first to drive, and then to take dinner at his house. We visited the Botanical Gardens, which, though not at their best, were still entertaining, even to one who is not botanist enough to call plants by hard names. Palms, orchids, and tropical ferns and plants here require no Paxtonian house of glass to give them warmth and life. We had been much struck in Java and elsewhere by the beauty of the fan or Traveller's Palm, which rises like a giant green peacock's tail everywhere, through tropical foliage. Wakefield illustrated its claim to being the traveller's friend by separating with his penknife some of the stems, as they lay close together, near their junction with the trunk. About a pint of clear, fresh water gushed out of each. A whole plant would readily water both steed and rider. We drove to our friend's place, which formerly belonged to a Prussian Consul, who had achieved his fortune, and had returned to end his days under the paternal rule of Kaiser William. The grounds were neatly kept, the house perfect in its arrangements for hot weather, and the view splendid. We found Madame a most amiable and satisfactory representative American lady. At dinner we met the other Singapore American,—Mr. Fay, of Boston. It is very noticeable at the East how completely Boston seems to have absorbed our enterprise in this direction. Almost all the partners of the great American houses, and nearly all individuals sent out from the United States, seem to be from "the Hub;" but, for some unaccountable reason, the partners and employés of even the great American houses in the East

are becoming more than half English. I sometimes think that perhaps the rather English style of Boston men, though they are undoubtedly great travellers, is kept up by British contact in the colonies, rather than by more direct impress of the mother-country.

SINGAPORE, December 18, 1872.

EARLY this morning I heard a familiar "dot and carry one," and looking out discovered our quondam travelling companion, Professor Waterhouse, of St. Louis, beaming through his spectacles, as he stumped along the porch. He was soon followed by the young men Haggin and Crow, whom he has in charge, all having arrived by the Hong-Kong steamer. Waterhouse and Crow had left us at Shanghai for Pekin, Haggin awaiting them at the latter place, and now they had again caught up with us. While the professor displayed that enthusiasm which a man always does when he knows he is describing a place you haven't seen, Crow evidently thought that the Great Wall, and the labor involved in reaching it, did not pay. I quite agree with the youth in being satisfied with very little of China.

Finding the representative of my country so convenient, I went in to pay my respects to the United States Consul, whom I found a plain, honest soldier of our late war, of Swiss extraction, named Studer. He is a sturdy, upright fellow, who thinks the honor and safety of his government depend on his close attention to his duties. He gives some offence to the merchants by what they deem his over-conscientiousness, and to the ladies by his lack of prejudice in the matter of conveying food to his mouth by knife and fork. He is intensely American, as our naturalized citizens are apt to be. Our tiffin we took with Fay at a merchants' club.

The Chinese had one of their chronic rows to-night. They generally arise between rival clans or societies; firearms are frequently used, and men are sometimes killed. The Celestials are, however, a very important class among the mixed races which make up this settlement. They fill up most of the trades, are the farmers on the plantations, the merchants, middlemen, and "compradores" of the city. The wealthy have beautiful places in the environs. They live, die, and are buried in Singapore, not feeling it necessary for their souls' repose, as in California, that their bodies should be sent back to China for interment. That they keep up their home habits is attested by the fact that twelve hundred dollars per day is paid to government for the monopoly of the retail opium trade in Singapore alone. "John" prospers, and he deserves it. He is the most business-like of business men. During working hours he assumes nothing in costume above a Coolie, except neatness. He attends in person to all details of purchases and sales. If his trade be with other ports or islands, he goes himself for the produce, inspects it, and sees it shipped, takes second-class passage, be he never so rich, and keeps his property in sight until it is in his "godown" or transferred to other hands. He does his business (as we say in California) "under his hat." He requires no army of clerks and book-keepers, and no luxurious offices. Though hard at a bargain, he has much respect for his business honor. The guilds help their members when in straits, and Europeans have little hesitation in accepting their word in the larger transactions without other security. Such is their business tact and talent, that their home connections and facilities alone enable foreign merchants to hold their own.

SINGAPORE, December 19, 1872.

WE took this morning, with Wakefield and Fay, a walk around the "godowns," to see the various tropical products of which this is the market. A hundred bushels or more of cubebs and black and white capsicum (pepper) were drying in the lofts. We saw baskets of crude india-rubber, bales of gambier, and bundles of rattan, and no end of tapioca, sago, coffee, cutch, mace, nutmeg, gutta-percha, and gum copal. We saw some of the processes of baling and boxing these articles for shipment. We were shown women sorting nutmegs into catty packages, which must be of either eighty or a hundred nutmegs in each. They told me that they acquire such skill at this work that after selecting a catty (one and a third pounds) they almost always get the exact weight, as well as the proper number. The hundred-per-catty packages invariably go to the United States. One of the men opened a betel-nut for us, which is enclosed in a hard shell, and resembles a nutmeg in form; we found it, however, very insipid to the taste, though, prepared with lime and gambier and the green leaf in which the whole is wrapped, it may acquire an artificial flavor.

Seeing some English cotton cloths in store, our attention was called to the superior manner in which British manufacturers prepare their goods for export. They were covered with layer upon layer of ordinary paper and cloth, and also with tarred paper and gunny bagging, the whole hydraulic-pressed and secured with elaborate iron straps. Our people think they have done their duty to their customers when they supply a little bagging and rope. This care and solidity is peculiarly English, and until we adopt it we can't hope to compete with them in the markets of the world.

We tiffined with a bright and handsome little Prussian named Brussel.

In our evening drive we remarked two styles of Malay villages,—one with pointed thatched roofs embowered in tropical trees bordering on thick jungle; the other stilted upon poles in the midst of the mud flats, reached by slender bamboo bridges, and looking very slimy and squalid at low tide.

After the dull sameness in dress of China and Japan, nothing can be more striking than the variety of color one sees at Singapore. To India, the Archipelago, the Straits Settlement, and to China, this city bears the same relation that Alexandria does to the Levant. Here all tribes and races meet. Each race and subdivision thereof has its own turban or head-gear; each its own covering for the body and shoulders, and its peculiar style of wear. All agree in paucity of nether garments. From India comes most of the brilliant color in turban and toga, and a crowd looks, when collected from afar, like a tangled rainbow. It is our first sight of the East of the Old Testament and the Arabian Nights. Everywhere you see pictures which might have been taken therefrom. You see white-bearded Abraham, with Isaac bending beneath a fagot, which may be used for his sacrifice or for cooking his evening rice. Cast-out Hagar leads her Ishmael. At the well Jacob stands in earnest converse with closely-swathed Rachel, bearing on her head her lofty water-jar. Lazarus begs at the rich man's gate, while Esau, squatted on the ground, discusses his mess of pottage. You see Haroun-al-Raschid and his Vizier sallying forth disguised for an evening's adventure. The prevailing ophthalmia gives you the

three one-eyed calenders in close succession, and Aladdin is chaffering at a stall for a newer, if not more wonderful, lamp, which will burn kerosene.

SINGAPORE, December 20, 1872.

J—— to-day gave a tiffin-party to gentlemen who had been civil to us. The table was spread in one of the protecting verandas of the hotel. The food and wine were good, and we had a very cheerful time, as Wakefield is a very clever *raconteur*, and Brussel translated some very good stories from the German.

In the evening we went by invitation, with Wakefield, to see the celebrated gardens of Whampoa. He is a Chinaman of not high extraction, who takes his name from the town of his birth. He has achieved position and a fortune by his mercantile enterprise and industry. During the English war with China he did some special service to the fleet in the way of furnishing supplies of which he held the monopoly, and for this the English government takes from him all articles of that class which it needs for either ships or troops. Though just now under a pecuniary cloud from the failure of some English house with which he was connected, he still retains his estates, and it is hoped will soon be clear of indebtedness. He is very liberal in his views, and has attempted, by example and precept, to break down some of the superstitions of his countrymen, particularly that which prevents them from saving drowning men (Fung Shung). Still, he is warmly Chinese, and I was told that when he learned that a son whom he had educated in England was coming home with the dress and habits of an Englishman, he telegraphed him to stay at Penang until his queue had grown, and till he could come home as a China-

man. I think he was wrong, as I consider their constant adhesion to their country dress prevents their ready absorption in a country like ours, and marks them too distinctly as a class by themselves. If they would only conform to European dress, their cheap labor would be of great service in the United States, and their immigration in large numbers a great relief to over-crowded China. Driving into the grounds, we were received at the house by a middle-aged Chinaman, with his bare feet in slippers, and a worn but clean *pajama* suit. It was Whampoa himself. He greeted us in the most unexceptionable English, and led the way to show us his gardens. In the first part were many rare and beautiful plants and trees. He showed us long beds of pineapples, and tanks filled with the lotus and Victoria Regia, the latter with a blossom like a water-lily, at least eight inches in diameter, and with leaves as large as an ordinary centre-table, upon which water-nymphs might serve tea. He appeared to take special pride in one plant which was found by some botanist first in his garden, and which he described and named after Whampoa himself. He took us next to his collection of trained plants, where, with whimsical Chinese taste, they were distorted and twisted into the form of pagodas, boats, vases, cottages, men, women, birds, beasts, and fish; in fact, into all shapes except those which kind Dame Nature intended them to take. When it grew dark we were ushered into the house, —first into a large dining-room adorned with pictures, vases, etc. Here he had entertained Commodore Perry, Admirals Rowan and Rogers, of our navy, and princes of England and Russia. He has pictures of several royal personages, and I promised to send him a photograph of President Grant

on my return. Taking us up-stairs through a door on which was painted an English soldier which he called "his guard," he showed us a handsome drawing-room and library furnished in European style, and exhibited, with marked satisfaction, a cane cut from Mount Vernon, which had been presented to him by some American navy officer. After a cup of tea, we took our leave. As we departed, he noticed my limp, and begged my acceptance of a fine "Penang lawyer,"—a large-headed stick, so called.

SINGAPORE, December 21, 1872.

UNDER the guidance of Major Studer, we drove out about six miles this morning, to visit a tapioca plantation. On the road we passed much of it in culture. The plant is from four to six feet high, with five-pointed leaves, resembling a little the castor-oil bean. It is from the starch contained in the root that the tapioca of commerce is obtained. Arriving at the house, we had to arouse Mr. Casseroy from his siesta, which, by country custom, is taken after the eleven o'clock breakfast. He is a middle-aged Frenchman, who had had experience in this culture in South America, and in Penang he accumulated a fortune which he thought would keep him as a *rentier* in La belle France for the remainder of his days; but the failure of some bank, the depreciation of property, and (I think) the war, brought him back to the Straits to commence the world anew. He took us to his works, which are conducted under long, low buildings, near a fine spring of water. The roots, which resemble yams or sweet potatoes, are first scraped, with specially adapted knives, by one gang of hands; they are then passed through a hopper into a mill

worked by a portable steam-engine, which reduces them to pulp. This is taken out in baskets and submitted to the action of a stream of clear water, kept up by swapes, from the spring. This washes out and takes up the starch, and runs into a large vat, from which it is drawn off into smaller ones, in the bottom of which is deposited the product in the form of paste. This is taken to the drying-room, where it is worked over on hot plates similar to those used for "firing" tea. Afterwards a second heating and working over makes it a beautiful pearly white flour. To get it into the globular form in which we generally use it requires only a slight variation of this process. The whole manufacture is very neatly conducted, and, if I *liked* tapioca, and *knew* that it came from the plantation of our host, I should indulge in it without a scruple.

Mr. Casseroy is building a strong close fence around the whole of his estate, to keep out the deer and wild boar, which do great damage to his crop. The sides of our whole road were carpeted by the sensitive plant; and it was curious to see a whole mass of verdure, when touched by a stick, or even when our carriage rumbled by, converted instantly into apparently dry and leafless weeds.

SINGAPORE, December 22, 1872.

MY birthday, in which I take no particular satisfaction. These mile-stones on life's journey come too fast as we get into middle age. Pity one cannot be always young! We were invited by Studer to inspect a lot of shells, native arms, bird-of-paradise feathers, etc., which he had collected. As he opened one of the packages, a fine scorpion was disclosed. Studer gave each of us a Malay "creese" as a keepsake.

On a charming afternoon drive to a place called Selita we were accompanied by a handsome, intelligent little naturalist from Hamburg, named Meyer. He has already made extended explorations in Celebes, and is now preparing for an expedition to collect the fauna of New Guinea. At the police station at Selita, his eyes sparkled when he saw in cages two specimens of a rare species of small parrot. He immediately purchased the unhappy pets, and in his cruel enthusiasm had them skinned and ready for shipping before bedtime. Before returning, we refreshed ourselves with the milk of some young cocoanuts. Why this fluid is called *milk* I do not know, as to me it is like water slightly acid and flavored with cocoanut. As we drove back, the sunset shadows began to lengthen. Our road leads by a clear stream, and, this being favorable for their ablutions, we see at each bend pious Moslems clothed in white, with upper garments spread upon the ground, and faces turned toward Mecca and the setting sun, making their evening prayer. Apparently lost to all about them, they were alternately standing in meditation, kneeling with clasped hands and upturned eyes, or prostrating themselves with foreheads to the ground. A religion where the open air is a sanctuary, cleanliness before worship the only requisite, and the believer prays to God alone without intercession of priest or saint, has certainly the advantage of simplicity.

SINGAPORE, December 23, 1872.

OUR Calcutta steamer is in, so a little shopping is necessary to make preparation for a seven days' voyage. If you want any European articles, you have only to go to one shop for them. This is like an American country store, indefinitely

multiplied: saddlery, millinery, and stationery, dress-making, tailoring, jewelry, pianos, medicine, linen-drapery, books, boots, hats, confectionery, groceries, and fancy goods,—everything, in fine, from a set of harness to a tooth-pick,—can all be purchased under the same roof, or furnished from the warehouse adjacent. Such are the gigantic establishments of Sayle & Co. and Lane, Crawford & Co. in all the principal ports of China and Japan, and John Little & Co. in Singapore. We dine again with our kind friends the Wakefields, beg their photographs, promise to send ours from Calcutta, and bid farewell.

SINGAPORE, December 24, 1872.

As the passenger list of the Apgar steamer is already full, it being the faster of the two, we were obliged to content ourselves with the Statesman, of the Jardine line. These lines run a kind of mild opposition to each other, leaving Hong-Kong on the same day of each month, and arriving in Calcutta in time for the great government auction sale of opium. They then get their load of poison and return to China. Before the establishment of the telegraph, this trade was very exciting. The fastest possible steamers were on the respective lines. The captains of each would contrive to communicate at the earliest moment to their principals such information as would enable them to make a corner or bull or bear the market before others could be in possession of the news. Immense sums were made in this way. Lightning has, however, spoilt their fun. As soon as it was bruited about that we were off, we became objects of great attention to the innumerable servants and hangers-on of the hotel. They began to collect around our doors. Servants who by

chance at table had helped us to curry or a fork, servants who had met us on the piazzas, those who had frequently seen us at a distance, and those who, no doubt, had heard of us, all assembled, making profound salaams, and awaiting backsheesh. As our luggage goes into the bullock-cart, they snatch at the straps and handles to strengthen their claim to douceurs. They have become so attached to us during our stay that they can only be consoled by receiving portraits of her Majesty impressed upon the coins of the realm. Hastily distributing some of these, and leaving them gazing at them either loyally or inquiringly, we jump into our gharry and are off for the ship. After a three-mile drive, not counting a détour made by our stupid gharrywalla to the wrong ship, we at last arrive at the Statesman, and deposit our luggage. Though a large freight-carrier and reasonably fast, the ship is not specially adapted to passengers or hot weather, as her half-dozen of cabins have but small port-holes, which open out on a closed gangway. They had done their best, however, to make us comfortable, and civility goes far. Our Kling boy, Smythe, bids us farewell,—our ship swings from the wharf at about a quarter after four. We glide past the monument marking the mouth of the harbor opposite to that from which we entered. Our pilot goes over the side, and we are off for India. The first dinner disclosed the fact that there were but two sharers of the captain's board besides ourselves; both were Frenchmen, with one of whom, a "globe-trotter" like ourselves, named Bienville, we had come up from Java. A fifth passenger, a Parsee, whose religion did not permit his eating with us, occupied another state-room. Our captain, a bluff, hearty young sailor, who has sailed to New

York, and likes us none the less for being from that vicinity, has tender reminiscences of American oysters, terrapin, and canvas-back ducks, and (though now a married man) of a certain girl from Maine who wore spectacles, and who had "a pot of money." I trust the latter did not constitute her only charm in the eyes of our sailor. Like most Englishmen not of gentle blood, our skipper dropped and misplaced his h's with great precision; but one soon gets used to that, and it would not be difficult, by contact, to acquire the habit. The night being hot, I ordered my mattress and pillows on deck, where I slept, as I continued to do on the whole passage, never once occupying my cabin.

At Sea, Christmas, 1872.

We turned out to rather a rainy, thick morning. The Apgar steamer, having the start as well as the advantage of us in speed, was so far ahead that we could barely discern her smoke between the showers. About noon, however, it cleared up, and we discovered that our rival and companion had slowed down and was evidently waiting for us. Through our glasses we saw that she was decked with flags in honor of the day. Not to be outdone, the captain of the Statesman set his house and national colors, and in compliment to us sent up the stars and stripes. We got out Marryatt's Code, and finding two sets of signals which read "Christmas compliments" ($\frac{\text{C. P. B. D.}}{\text{D. G. H.}}$), they were also hoisted. As we neared the Hindostan, she answered our signals and fired a salute, while some missionaries on board waved the small banner of our country, which we Americans usually carry with us in lieu of a pocket-handkerchief. As the firing was somewhat unex-

pected, and our carronades had fallen into disuse, we could not reply immediately; but I offered to superintend the artillery, and by means of a kitchen skewer, which I found, made an excellent priming wire; we cleared the vents, and were soon ourselves blazing away. As neither ship could go into Penang before morning, and it was of no use to hurry, we continued in company, exchanged cheers, and drank champagne to each other's health. Our steward gave us as a rare Christmas treat "mangosteens" for dessert. After some discussion as to whether they should be cut lengthwise or across, we agreed that either way they were a delicious fruit. After dark they lit up the other ship with Chinese lanterns, and, as we could hear the scraping of a fiddle, we surmised that they were getting up a dance with the ladies among their passengers. We lone bachelors amused ourselves by firing our guns, rockets, and blue-lights, and making night hideous by sounding a fog-horn. About eleven o'clock, when everybody had pretty well burned their fingers with the fireworks, we let off a "feu-de-joie" of everything we had left, and relapsed into silence and darkness, after spending an odd, and not unmerry, Christmas.

At Sea, December 26, 1872.

At daylight this morning we found our Kling pilot on board, and the ship steadily steaming into Penang. When we came to anchor, we found that the Hindostan had slipped into port before us and was already at her moorings. The view of Penang from the harbor is very picturesque. The town itself, presenting little to see in an architectural way, is surrounded by palms, and behind it is a fine mountain-range,

which rises nearly three thousand feet and forms the backbone of the island. On one of the sides could be seen the celebrated falls, glistening like a silver ribbon. The captain took us ashore in his gig to the landing-ghat, where we employed a stout pony with an avaricious little Malay driver, who haggled for an additional dollar for every mile to go about the town. The city was like the worst parts of Singapore, but we finally discovered a road lined with nice bungalows, all fronting on the bay. At the end of the drive was a photographer, which fact we did not discover till we returned to town. So we had to drive all the way out again to get the pictures we wanted. On our return to the ship, we were visited by the captain of the Hindostan and a Mr. Ward, son of a former governor of New Jersey, both looking as though they had spent a merry Christmas. The two skippers had fixed on half-past four as the moment of starting, and at that time our competitor came dashing down by us, to the apparently imminent peril of our boats and bulwarks, while we were still discharging freight. It looked as though she would get the start of us. Our captain, however, turned his ship at her anchor, hoisted the mud-hook with his donkey-engine, and finally passed our rival before she could turn. Her speed, however, soon made up her distance. The monsoon was in our favor, and we both set sail, and bowled away for Calcutta across the Bay of Bengal.

BAY OF BENGAL, December 27, 28, and 29.

LIFE at sea, with no land in sight, is pretty much the same in all waters,—a passing steamer, a sail, a change of wind, or a school of porpoises, are each an event. Warm breezes,

flights of flying-fish, and an occasional turtle sunning himself on the surface of the water, indicate that we are sailing a tropical sea. It is the correct thing for the traveller to see snakes; not D. T. ones, but such as have the habit of crawling into cabins by means of the ropes which careless captains so frequently permit to trail overboard.

Wherever I go I am sure to miss the regular sights. I saw no one commit hari-kari in Japan; no rats for sale in the market of Foochow; no last duck whipped in the boat city of Canton; no upas-tree in Java; no Malay running "amok" in Singapore. How interesting the journal of a man of imagination might be made! Time passes in eating, smoking, reading, and sleeping. I re-read some of the novels of Eugene Sue and Walter Scott, and I saw at times J——'s eyes looking red over the sorrows of Amy Robsart in "Kenilworth." Our Frenchmen struggle manfully with the English language. One, who whistles shrilly and incessantly, we have dubbed the "siffleur." My nerves are sure of repose only when he is smoking or eating. Our Parsee is civil and unobtrusive. The captain has a dog which is a general pet and nuisance. He visits all the messes, from the forecastle to the cabin, and begs pathetically for rations. He is morbid in his desire for play, and keeps up a deafening bark when one is reading or sleeping, and sprinkles your book or white trousers with water on emerging from the buckets, where he dives for whatever is thrown in for his delectation.

December 31, 1872. At Sea.

We have been making average runs of two hundred and forty miles per day, and are nearing the coast of India. We

see frequent sails of ships in the Calcutta trade, in contrast with the almost deserted waters we have traversed. At half-past two P.M. we make the light-ship at the mouth of the Hoogly, and in an hour our pilot is on board. We run in until we are opposite the light-house on Janger Island (Tiger Island), when we drop anchor for the night.

January 1, 1873. NEW YEAR'S DAY.

EVERYBODY turns out at daylight and exchanges the compliments of the season. Even the Parsee rushes from his cabin and seizes my hand with a cordial shake. The anchor is hove, and the ship, in charge of the pilot, commences the somewhat difficult navigation of the Hoogly. The Calcutta pilots are noted swells; their pay is large, and they are inclined to put on (what C. Longfellow calls) "side," and to spend much money in adorning their persons. The legend runs that there are among them noblemen under assumed names. They each have an embryo sucking pilot as an assistant, called a leadsman. Promotion is regular, and it takes many years to reach the higher grades. Our pilot, one of the oldest on the river, seems to try to keep up the reputation of his fraternity by donning a fresh shirt and suit for the day. His pants, however, have a Greeley-like tendency to catch on the top of his gaiters, and, with his sun-helmet and general salt-water look, he would scarcely be mistaken for a Bond Street dandy. We have nowhere seen signs of commercial activity such as are presented by the Hoogly River. We pass in almost constant succession steamers and tugs towing vessels out to sea. On the banks we can see natives farming and cattle grazing, villages, and sometimes

pretentious buildings. These plains of the Delta were once the wealthiest and most densely populated parts of India. We had our first experience of the sight of bodies burning along the banks.

The "siffleur" alleges that he saw an alligator, but brought forward no proof of the allegation. Our eyes and opera-glasses are in constant search for novelties. At the monument marking the harbor-limits the pilot turns the ship about, expecting to transfer her to another official, to be backed up to her berth nearer town. After much whistling and waiting, we conclude that the festivities of the day will continue to detain the harbor-master, and so we make arrangements for our personal conveyance to Calcutta by small boat. We pass the King of Oude's palace, on the top of which two men, with flags on long poles, are manœuvring four flocks of pigeons, which they send by signal circling around the roof. Two tigers in kiosk-shaped cages are confined at the front corners of the palace grounds. Within are extensive gardens, and collections of birds and animals. It is upon these, and a crowd of dancing-women and hangers-on, that his Majesty of Oude manages to squander his income of $50,000 per month allowed him by the English Government, and then complains of poverty and asks for more. The shipping in the port was decorated in honor of the day, and we discover Admiral Jenkins's flag-ship, our old friend the Lackawanna, most gorgeous of any in her streamers and colors. As we passed we were recognized and hailed by some of our friends on board. We stop at the ghât nearest to our destination, and with half a rupee satisfy eight men who have rowed us two miles. On this day everything with four legs seems engaged, so we walk under

what feels to us like a burning sun past the Government House, with its Sikh sentinels and lion-capped gate-posts, to the Great Eastern Hotel. Judging by the immense shops and restaurants on the first floor, hotel-keeping seems to be the least occupation of the managers. After some delay in making known our wants, we select some comfortable suites of rooms, send for a carriage, and drive to the fancy fair in the grounds of the Lieutenant-Governor's residence, which is held yearly for the benefit of the charitable societies of Calcutta. We found that even India does not change the character of fancy fairs. There was good music by two bands; booths where ladies sold at high prices an infinite deal of trash; lotteries, roulette raffles, and grab-bags supplied temptations to pious gambling; and much eating and drinking was done for charity's sake. It was a mixed and, in some respects, an interesting crowd. Perhaps it was chagrin that they did *not* pounce upon us from their stalls, displaying their graces as they solicited our custom, as had happened to us at home, but I did not appreciate the European beauty of Calcutta as there represented. The costumes, however, of the native princes, rajahs, baboos, or half-castes, made up for other deficiencies. The males wore cashmere shawls, and were gorgeous in gilded caps and slippers, with robes and trousers of glistening tissues heavy with embroidery. Their women were loaded down with necklaces, bracelets, bangles from wrist to elbow, with ear-, nose-, finger-, and toe-rings, armlets, and anklets. Whether it was the day or the occasion I do not know, but I saw no such display afterwards in India, and the sex were invariably shy and externally simple in dress.

There was one officer of the Lackawanna I am sure to meet

the instant I set foot on shore in the East,—of course Elliot was on hand. The fête broke up about sunset, and then the task was to find our trap among the two thousand vehicles in waiting. The police had stowed them away in all manner of out-of-the-way corners, and we kicked our heels for two tedious hours before we discovered our forlorn conveyance, and by it reached our hotel and our dinner.

CALCUTTA, January 2, 1873.

EARLY this morning we had a visit from Litchfield, the United States Consul-General, and, as he had served in the Army of the Potomac, we easily fraternized, and he placed himself and his carriage at our disposal.

I had been ordering all my home letters to Calcutta ever since leaving Japan. My Hong-Kong batch was the only one I had received since leaving California, and I confess to feeling disappointed, and perhaps a little jealous, when I saw J—— with his arms full of letters, while I had but one. During the morning we met Admiral Jenkins and several of our navy friends, and accepted an invitation from Field and Selfridge to drive with them in the evening. Learning that the flag-ship was to sail on the following day, we sent on board a general and informal invitation to the officers to dine with us at the hotel. The glacis and ground swept by the guns of Fort William (built by the old East India Company) is laid out with fine drives, squares, and gardens. The law courts and other public edifices are near, and there is no end of monuments and statues to by-gone Indian swells. The Rotten Row is on the river, between the fort and Eden Gardens, and is styled the Strand. The gardens have a band-

stand, and are illuminated with gas, like the Champs Elysées, and the fashionables here solace themselves after dark with music. The yellow, hazy sunset of this part of India, with its brief twilight, is peculiar, as well as beautiful. We had with us at dinner eight of the Lackawannas, also an American civilian who journeys in our direction. After much perusal of testimonials, we have selected a native Mohammedan, named Abdul Lattef, to be our servant, guide, and factotum. He isn't pretty, but seems willing and intelligent.

CALCUTTA, January 4, 1873.

ONE of our *compagnons de voyage*, a clever, much-travelled Englishman, named Todhunter, called and breakfasted with us, and acted as cicerone for our morning's drive. We first inspected the fort, and afterwards the suburbs, where we saw many fine residences, but hardly enough to justify the sobriquet of the "City of Palaces" here assumed.

The Lackawanna has been compelled, by the breaking out of cholera on board, to leave the Hoogly River and put out to sea: so I made it a point to go on board to bid everybody good-by. I really parted with Admiral Jenkins, Captain Shirley, and their respective officers very sadly,—in the first place because they are a lot of good fellows, and then because we have met them in almost every port we have struck during our journey, including San Francisco, and wherever we find them we feel as though we were at home. I was amused at the boatman who brought me off and took me ashore. On the first trip he treated me with much indifference, but when he saw the marine guard formed and the "sides piped" as I came off the ship, he wanted me to pay double, because he

discovered that I was a "Burra Sahib." The rule in India is to make a gentleman pay according to his rank and his supposed salary. Litchfield came off with me, and we went to the bazaar and spent an hour dickering for ivories and other Indian "curios." The invariable rule here is for the dealer to ask from two to four prices, and the customer must haggle with him until he comes within reason. European tradesmen, from a desire to accumulate sudden wealth and then get out of the country, have the same habit of charging for everything four times its value; but they are far too firm and superior to "come down," as Zaccheus did when called upon. We drove to see the ghât where the Hindoo dead are burned. This was a roofless space on the river, surrounded by a high brick wall, outside of which were piles of wood and reeds. There was an oven with a tall chimney, which the English can't persuade the natives to use. They prefer burning their dead on the ground, as was the custom of their fathers. There were several greasy spots around the enclosure, where bodies had been burned during the day, and a coolie was poking the embers over some remains that were frizzling in the coals. We returned through the native quarter, and very filthy and unpleasant it was. The people were all out taking the evening air on porches and house-tops, and as we passed groups of chattering women, in high tide of gossip, all that had any pretensions to youth or good looks hastily veiled their faces when they saw us and dove out of sight. The old and ugly ones, however, stared as bold as brass.

We dined with Todhunter at the Bengal Club, which is the most swell establishment of the kind in the East. We had the first good club dinner which we have had since

leaving America. They are generally kept up by a system of farming them to stewards, which makes them very bad.

On my return I found the card of Colonel Earle, Military Secretary to the Viceroy, who, contrary to Indian etiquette, had called on us first, probably at the suggestion of some of the navy officers who have just left. Young Emory, son of the old general, and A. D. C. to Admiral Jenkins, has been everywhere almost touchingly zealous in his desire that we should share the courtesies offered to the navy, and to have us "respected like the lave" by the officials.

January 5, 1873. CALCUTTA.

J—— and Todhunter took an early walk this morning down to the burning ghât, where they saw the dead in all stages of incremation, and pariah dogs rugging at the remains of extinguished funeral-piles. I did not go, as I do not like early rising and exercise, and never could bear the smell of roast meat before breakfast. Jesting aside, though, I do not seriously object to the disposition of the dead by fire. The living are shocked by no grinning skull or other ghastly remnant of mortality. In over-crowded populations the dead may pollute the springs, or, as in China, rob labor of the soil which should support its share of life. The ancients made death even ornamental. They would decorate their dwellings with their in-urned ancestors, or wear a compressed relative in a thumb-ring. By the alchemy of fire we are simply resolved into our original constituents, and after the elimination of the incorporeal parts, our ashes returned to the earth may again become life in those who live after us.

Our vanity, and the promises we made to friends *en route*,

kept us posing in front of a photographic camera nearly all the morning. At about noon we returned Colonel Earle's call. He lives at the Government House, and his wife does the social honors of the palace for the present Viceroy, Lord Northbrook. I was pleased to find Colonel Earle an officer of the Grenadier Guards, whom I remembered to have met in the Army of the Potomac, and that we had several mutual friends. He civilly expressed regret at our short stay, as the Governor-General took him out of town for Sunday, which would deprive him of the only opportunity of offering us the hospitalities of Government House. All the officials have been very civil to the American navy officers. In fact, the Lackawanna is the first American flag-ship whose light draft has permitted her to ascend the river to the city. Her officers were full of all kinds of pleasant engagements, and were much disgusted at being driven back to sea by the cholera. We don't intend to do much society in India, as if we do we must give up sight-seeing, and it requires a life-time to master the cranky laws of Indian etiquette,—it must be an intense bore when accomplished. A call on Mrs. McAllister brought us an invitation to dinner this evening, which we accepted. A steeple-chase at Baligunge formed the afternoon's festivity. The ground was not difficult, nor was any one hurt, which constitutes the principal interest of this kind of racing. On the mound for spectators I saw Colonel Percy Wyndham, one of our imported cavalry "frauds" in the Army of the Potomac. He now edits a comic journal in Calcutta. Oddly enough, in looking around the enclosure I found five gentlemen, including myself, who had served in the army in front of Richmond.

CALCUTTA, Sunday, January 5, 1873.

A CARRIAGE to Garden Reach, and a boat across the river, took us to the Botanical Gardens. It was yellow from lack of rain, and, whatever it might be to a botanist, was not particularly interesting to us. The feature of the garden is the great banyan-tree, which is nearly a hundred paces in diameter, and without actual count I should say has a hundred and fifty downward trunks.

We knew very well that no one could get into the grounds of the King of Oude's palace, but as we returned by the place, Abdul in his zeal had us in front of the residence of the Royal Chamberlain, and our cards sent up to that functionary, almost before we knew where we were. Of course the permission to enter applied for was refused,—very civilly, however: "extensive repairs were in progress; the fish had been removed from the tanks, and the animals from their cages; the king's ladies were occupying one of the buildings," etc., etc.

Passing out, we looked into an apartment of which the floor was covered with gorgeously-arrayed children, showing that our inflexible friend was a "numerous father."

On our return, we found that Colonel Earle had sent us quite a package of letters to officials in the upper country. We drove in the afternoon to Kalighât, to view the temple of Kali, the patron goddess of murder and the Thugs. Her pictures represent her with a protruding tongue, a necklace of skulls, and several arms holding a decapitated head and warlike weapons; around her shrine lay goats which had been sacrificed, and it is not many years since it has been the custom to offer her human victims. It was here we saw our first "fakir" or "gooroo," a gaunt fellow seated in a little shrine,

with his arms resting on the knees of his crossed legs, immovable as stone, his eyes gazing into space, evidently lost in pious contemplation of the Infinite. We visited in the vicinity several Hindoo temples, some in good order and others mere kennels for jackals. In all of them we were expected to gaze from a long distance upon the central divine presentment, not being permitted to pollute the shrine by our nearer presence.

CALCUTTA, January 6, 1873, Monday.

WE had intended to start to-day, but have deferred our departure until to-morrow. One of our objects in staying here was to see the Indian Museum; but it did not prove extraordinary: principally a collection of very sick and mangy looking stuffed animals and birds. We took an afternoon drive with Litchfield to the Seven Tanks. On our way down, a reckless Baboo in a gig ran into us so hard as to break our carriage-lamp. He then scuttled off at a rapid rate, fearing chastisement, which any European resident would certainly have given him could he have been caught. The object of our visit belongs to a rich native, and, as its name implies, has seven tanks within an enclosure around a central building. The latter is a show-place, and is furnished in a very unpleasing combination of European and Indian style. The proprietor has been grossly swindled with a collection of gaudy daubs and bad copies of statuary, though his art possessions must have cost him a great deal of money. There is a collection of birds and animals in one corner of the grounds, and a boy illustrated the tameness of the fish, which are quite large, by letting them feed from his hand.

CALCUTTA, January 7, 1873.

I WAS made happy by getting a home letter to-day. It came by way of California; and if all my mail from the United States has taken the same route, I may as well make up my mind to get home news by personal inquiry. I made some P. P. C. calls on Colonel Earle, Mrs. McAllister, and Captain De Robec of the Viceroy's staff, and spent most of the hottest days we have encountered in Calcutta in writing, packing, and preparation for the journey. There are no Pullman cars on Indian railways, and to be comfortable one must carry bedding, pillows, towels, etc. Crossing the river by moonlight in a small boat, in order to reach the train, we found that at least five of the first-class passengers were Americans, and as we stood in a group, a little cockney guard, recognizing our nationality, came up to us and said that he had served in our war with the Duryea Fire Zouaves. We bade farewell to Litchfield, who came to see us off, and our train started about half-past eight.

N. W. P. R. R., January 8, 1873.

WE were pleasantly surprised after our previous hot day in Calcutta to find it quite cool on the road. The country through which it runs is not particularly interesting. In the morning we were among the hills, but the landscape became flat as we emerged into the valley of the Ganges. There is hardly a large town in India on the main lines of railroad. To reach Benares we take a branch road from Mogulserai. Our luggage was booked for Allahabad, and English routine would not permit the car to be unlocked short of that station, so we contented ourselves with our hand-luggage. It was after dark when we arrived at the station on the Ganges,

opposite the city. After considerable delay, we found a conveyance, and crossed the bridge of boats. During our detention the best hotel in Benares (Clark's) filled up, and we had to content ourselves with the Victoria, which we reached after a long, cold ride by moonlight.

January 9, 1873. BENARES.

RATHER than take our chances of missing our luggage, if ordered to be sent back, we concluded to make an early start and try to do the sights of the holy city of India in one day. To that end we breakfasted betimes; but the first obstacle to our day's industry arose in our horses refusing to budge from the hotel. These animals throughout India have a morbid and persistent desire for repose. Once in harness, their strongest wish is to be let alone. It takes much coaxing and diplomacy to start them, and you are never sure of proceeding unless you know that they are on a gallop and can hear the lash going. Our *valet de place* is a little Hindoo, whose English has been acquired in one of the native schools. He has very pat the British interrogative phrase, "I beg your pardon?" and makes you repeat all your questions in order to give him an opportunity of using it. On the road we met our first elephant, backed into the gutter, as the law requires, to avoid frightening the horses. We declined our guide's offer to borrow one of these beasts from the Rajah for our afternoon's riding. Our first visit was to the Monkey Temple, whose vicinity was indicated by house-tops, walls, and trees, for half a mile, being lined with brown apes. In the temple and around the tank adjacent they swarmed, giving a startlingly life-like type to the already

fantastic architecture, by perching everywhere on the pinnacles and roofs. A few handfuls of nuts and grain brought them down chattering and mowing around us, until the court was filled with the human caricatures. The monkey is worshipped by the Hindoos for his military services in the campaign undertaken by the god Ram for the recovery of his abducted wife: they made a bridge of their intertwisted tails and bodies, by which a whole army crossed into Ceylon. It did sound a little queer, though, to hear an intelligent lad like our guide say, "This monkey is my god." We drove to the Ganges, and, mounting to the roof of a house-boat, proceeded thereon up the stream for some distance, to afterwards drop down and see the sights in succession. In front of the city is a high bluff, admirably adapted for showing the domes, minarets, and terraced roofs with which it is crowned. The steps and piers along the river, and the stream itself, were crowded with devotees, to do justice to the color of whose costumes a painter's whole palette would be exhausted. To douse themselves into the water, to drink and make oblation therewith, to cast upon its surface, with appropriate prayers and ceremonies, flowers and fruits, and afterwards to daub on their foreheads the mark of their caste, is the solemn business of their lives. It was a raw morning, and it must have been rather a chilly business, but, lit up by the morning sun, it looked bright, and when their worship is over, they chatter, laugh, and bargain most cheerfully. In the very midst of these festive crowds there are, however, *grave* suggestions. Funeral piles are burning at the water's edge. They are just building one of wood and reeds, from the midst of which you can see a head and gray locks protruding. A boat

pushes from the shore, propelled by a single sculler like Charon in the stern. Under a low roof are seen white-robed mourners, whose wail or funeral song faintly reaches our ears. On the bow is a defunct native, on his back, with his legs trussed into a triangle, and a flat piece of sandstone laid upon his breast. We watch them as they move slowly up the stream, scarcely past the crowds of worshippers; we see a movement, a splash, and another Hindoo is entombed in the holy waters of the Ganges. As we drop down the river, we stop our boat at the different places of interest. We climb the steps and stairs to the roof on which is the observatory of Jey Singh. Here, with a fine prospect, are sundials, meridian planes, graduated mural and transit circles, and other appliances of primitive astronomy. I judged that they were intended to be used in superstitious astrology as a means of reading the fates, rather than for the purpose of advancing science. Our succeeding visit is to the Nepaulese or Jain temple, its gilded domes sustained by pillars and arches of wood covered with elaborate and eccentric carvings in wood. Below this, swarms of pilgrims surrounded the well Manakarnaka, whose waters will wash out sins, however deadly, provided due payments are also made to the attending priests. On the banks are also huge recumbent figures in whitewashed and painted mud, which are adored at certain seasons. We last mounted to the mosque of Aurungzebe, whose tall minarets and domes were alive with pigeons and chattering paroquets. J—— ascended for the view to the top of one of the minars, two hundred and twenty-seven feet above the river, where the prospect must have been very fine. I sat, meantime, on the terrace below, and awaited his descent. It will be observed

throughout this journal that when there is any climbing or clambering to be done, I am generally "counted out," while J——, since he accomplished Fusiyama, finds all the other ups and downs of the world mere bagatelle. We passed through the bazaar, where J——, true to his love for anything like a vase, bought two pairs of embossed brass water-pots; pretty, but difficult of transportation. At our hotel we found a crowd of dealers in pictures painted on mica, and carvings in wood and ivory; also some fellows with large snakes around their necks, and with scorpions and other venomous reptiles in pots. A hooded cobra was exhibited, in color like a light calico pattern, who placed himself in coil, expanded his hood, and struck spitefully at the hand of his owner; of course his fangs had been extracted. After lunch we visited the Golden Temple, of which we were graciously permitted to contemplate the roofs from an adjoining building, and to peep through a hole at the worshippers. We were shown a colossal bull in stone, and also the well into which the god Recheswar precipitated himself rather than be defiled by contact with the invading Mohammedans; then we went to a shrine which was a kind of stable for a most independent and aristocratic lot of cows, and also a rendezvous for a most importunate lot of beggars, who, I think, would have devoured us, had we not been taken under the protection of some native policemen. Somewhat surfeited with holy places and things, we next visit one of the Kincob or gold embroidery establishments, for which the town is famous. We there purchase some pretty but very dear articles, and are amused by the coolness with which our guide demands and receives his percentage or "custom" on all we buy.

In the grounds of the Victoria College we saw an ancient cylindrical monolith, with a very old inscription. We returned to our hotel through the "civil lines," as the European quarter is called. Paying our bills, and making our way to the station, the horses as usual jibbed on the bridge of boats, so we were obliged to walk over. Midway we saw a corpse floating on the surface of the water, near one of the pontoons, from the face and eyes of which a crow, which flew lazily away as we stopped to gaze, had evidently been supping. I notice that in this vicinity the jackals are fat, and that crows, kites, and vultures have in their flight an air of gorged indolence which implies good feeding. As for fish, I have discontinued its use. I shall not feel the deprivation, as to *fresh*-water fish I was never very partial. We took dinner and train at Mogulserai, and turned in for the night. On arriving at Allahabad we found our luggage all right.

N. W. P. R. R., January 10, 1873.

DAYLIGHT disclosed to us a country dry and barren except where irrigated, on which the saleratus-patches, ground-squirrels, and occasional herds of antelope reminded us of the Humboldt Valley. At Toondla Junction, about eleven o'clock, we took the usual branch line for Agra, and it was not long before we saw the dome of the Taj looming up through the dust-laden air. Like the dome of our Capitol at Washington, that of St. Peter's at Rome, or the Mosque of the citadel at Cairo, the white, glittering structure of the Taj seems to form the centre of the landscape from every point of view. *Faute de mieux*, we took billet at Beaumont's, a hotel of past reputation, which has now fallen into especially incompetent hands. An Englishman and wife, and a roving Boston gentleman

named M——, are, beside ourselves, the only guests. The night was balmy, the moon bright, and, as it is the correct thing to do, we Americans drove together to the Taj. Alighting at the grand gateway and ascending a few steps, we saw through the arches, and at the end of the vista, that marvellous pile of marble, the most beautiful tribute ever paid by man to the memory of a beloved wife. The first view shows its beauty, but time and study are required to take in the perfection of the work. The tomb and its surroundings occupy three terraces. The first is a beautiful garden, which the government has the good taste to keep in perfect order. An avenue of trees, with a long reservoir down the middle, full of fountains, stretches in charming perspective from the gate to the building. Similar avenues cross the main one, and the view at the end of each is closed by some appropriate piece of architecture. The second terrace is of red sandstone, on the front of which is the river Jumna, and at either end are two mosques precisely similar, of which one is styled the *answer* to the other. The third terrace is all of white marble, and includes the tomb and the minarets at the four corners of the plateau. Seen by moonlight, the darker inlaid-work and the discoloration disappear, and all is pure white. The lines and tracery are softened and blended, and it seems so delicate and intangible that one would hardly be surprised if at some moment it should melt like a cloud into "thin air." After having sufficiently contemplated the moonlight scene, we went into the interior, which had been illuminated by blue-lights. This gave a distinctness and beauty to the walls, the inside, the dome, and the lace-like marble screen surrounding the central mosaic-inlaid memo-

rials of Nour-Jehan and her husband, such as no daylight can produce.

AGRA, January 11, 1873.

THE world owes to the Mogul emperors, who descended from Tamerlane, and who reigned between the years of our Lord 1526 and 1707, the construction of most of the architectural gems which lie in the vicinity of Delhi and Agra. Their succession is as follows: Baber, Houmayoun, Akbar, Jehanghir, Shah Jehan, and Aurungzebe. To their Mohammedan tenets is perhaps due the simplicity which characterizes their works, preventing them from encumbering their designs with grotesque representations of nature, and leading them to look for beauty in perfection of material, variety of detail, and exquisite finish. The palace of Akbar, within the fort, which we visited this afternoon, though somewhat dilapidated by man and time, presents much of interest. There is a beautiful bathing-hall, with tepidarium and calidarium, of which the ceiling is inlaid alternately with sections of mirror and marble, the walls filled with niches for lamps, some being behind the sheet of water which fell into the tanks. It can be imagined a most brilliant sight when illuminated, even if your fancy does not people it with half a hundred water-splashing Indian nymphs disporting therein. The courts, halls, kiosks of the river front are generally inlaid with white marble, and exhibit great beauty. It is gratifying to see how thoroughly the authorities are conducting the repairs of these structures: the inlaid and perforated marble, which is in progress, is as handsome as the original, and shows that the workmen of Agra have not lost the art which would enable them to rebuild the ancient monuments, if the designs only

were preserved. In the Pearl Mosque, built by Shah Jehan, he seemed to endeavor to rival his own Taj in beauty. It is of the same snowy marble, rectangular in form. The pavement is divided by inlaid lines into spaces for each worshipper, with a point on each showing the direction of Mecca. At the sides of the mosque are halls separated from the main one by beautiful screen-work, with similar smaller rectangles for the devotions of the women. I cannot understand the pious zeal and solicitude of the sex under a religion which does not grant them souls for salvation. They make here very nice work in soapstone, and I bought a model of the Taj, which I intend giving to my architectural chief, General Meigs, with illustrative photographs, if I can get it home. A native orchestra came and played for our delectation on quaint lutes, drums, and guitars, which they accompanied, not unmusically, with their voices. I tried to imagine that such were the strains with which Indian lovers poured out their amorous souls at the feet or lattices of their Lalla Rookhs or Nourmahals. My imaginings were rudely disturbed, however, when I discovered that they were trying to regale me with English songs, of which the burden was "Oh, Poor Lucy Neal" and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and others of that ilk.

Our afternoon's drive was to the mausoleum of Akbar, at Secundra. The real tomb containing his remains is in a deep vault under the centre of the building. This arises in four stories of sandstone, surmounted by a fifth of white marble, in the centre of which is a richly-carved sarcophagus, surrounded by a gallery of elaborate marble screen-work. As was frequently the case among the Moguls, Akbar built his structure for his own interment, and used it as a pleasure

retreat until his death. We drove to the Taj just before sundown, and saw the illumination of daylight fade into moonlight. Everybody tries to criticise the Taj. Bishop Heber objects to the minarets; Ida Pfeiffer thinks small beer of it by moonlight; Ireland considers the dome too heavy. Without admitting the objections of the others, I have taken exception to the rectangular openings by which it is lighted, which, I think, should have been made to conform more nearly to the lines of the arches under which they are placed. After all, the Taj is provoking, for the reason that you study in vain to imagine an improvement. You feel that any addition or curtailment would prove a blemish.

AGRA, January 12, 1873.

HAVING sent out relays of horses, we made an early start to visit the ruins of Akbar's stronghold and palaces at Futtehpore Sikri. We drove over a good road, about twenty-two miles, in two and a half hours. At the dâk bungalow we took a breakfast we had brought with us, secured a guide who was the son of a guide whose father was a guide before him (a fact set forth in numerous testimonials), and started to see the ruins. The principal buildings were on high ground, and surrounded by a strong wall some six or seven miles in circumference. Below, on each side, within the walls, are the villages of Sikri and Futtehpore, from which the ruins take their name. The tomb of the Sheik Selim Shisti, whose residence here caused Akbar to select the spot for the site of his city, is the first attraction. The tomb itself is small, but highly finished in carved white marble. The surroundings make it one of the most extraordinary spots in India. The quadrangle in which it is placed is about five hundred feet square.

A fine mosque is on one side, and on another an immense gateway, which is one hundred and twenty feet high from the ground outside. We were attracted by seeing on the wall, near the gate, some nearly naked men, standing at least sixty feet above a large tank or reservoir. When they saw that we were looking, they leaped downward into the water; during the first part of the fall their arms were extended above the head, and the legs were spread apart with a kicking motion, by which they seemed to keep the vertical. Just before reaching the surface the legs came together, the body was straightened, with the arms at the side, and each shot into the water like an arrow, soon reappearing, none the worse for their perilous leap, and with chattering teeth demanding backsheesh. The skill of these divers is attained by great practice, commenced at an early age. We occupied three hours in going over this magnificent relic of past wealth and power. I can appreciate the labor which it represents, and the kindness with which time and this climate have treated the elaborate carvings in stone, but I don't envy the departed monarch his *comfort.* Abroad, his surroundings were no doubt barbaric and sumptuous. In private, he slept in a richly-sculptured brownstone hovel devoid of modern improvements. At tiffin we inspected the bungalow book, and found the names of several previous tenants of our acquaintance. Among others our friend C—— L—— indulged in a growl at the expense of the service, or something of the kind. Our homeward road was lit by the setting sun, and we saw many charming pictures of Indian rural life: oxen drawing up from wells great leathern buckets of water for irrigation; laborers, primitively dressed, farming with equally primitive ploughs and hoes; camels

grazing, or reposing with snaky, outstretched necks; tall birds standing nearly the height of a man; and occasional deer and antelope feeding fearlessly close by the road, emboldened by the immunity which the uncarnivorous Hindoo accords to animal life.

AGRA, January 13, 1873.

THE only new thing we did this day was to cross the river by the bridge of iron pontoons to the Rambaugh and the tomb of Etmaddowlah, a clever adventurer, great-uncle and grandfather-in-law to that Nour-Jehan who is under the Taj. It is not the least beautiful of the Agra monuments.

We devoted the day to a review of the sights of Agra. We revisited the forts and the bazaars, and wound up by moonlight visits to the Taj, with a general and persistent blaze of blue and red lights inside and out, till the country round must have feared that the marble itself was in flames.

AGRA, January 14, 1873.

ONE cannot stay always at Agra, nor does the luxury of the Beaumont hostelry invite permanent residence. Other beauties and novelties in India are to be explored: so this morning we bundle together our travelling fixtures, lock our trunks, take a last look at the city, as it fades into the distance, from our departing train, and by eleven o'clock A.M. we are at Toondla, on the main line, booked for Delhi. As we puffed along through country both cultivated and irrigated, I saw more antelope and deer than ever I saw in the same time on the North Platte or Medicine Bow. The indifference with which some of them would cock one eye at the passing train, still continuing to graze, was instructive to witness. I am told

that they have regular grazing-grounds, and often show fight with their horns to the Ryots (peasants) who try to drive them from their crops. In some districts the natives object to the killing of tigers, on account of their services in keeping down the deer. This leniency only exists among the worshippers of Brahma and Buddha, as the vicinity of a Mohammedan village may often be predicated upon the greater timidity of the game. This forbearance breeds something like impudence in the lower animals: monkeys live like kings, at the expense of their subjects; horses jib under Hindoo hands without any wholesome dread of the lash; the sacred cows hustle the pedestrian on the street, or help themselves to any object they fancy from the way-side stalls, while the victim dares not inflict a blow, which he knows would cost a riot; sparrows flock into your room at daylight, through every open window and door, and banish sleep by their chattering and whirring of wings. They alight on your bed and musquito-curtains, drink from your bath-tub and water-jug, and watch you with a most critical air as you perform your ablutions and toilet. To the crows I cannot so easily reconcile myself, and when I see them walking over the breakfast crockery or tugging at the bread, I cannot help wondering what was the last object touched by their feet and bills. Bergh, in this country, would find his occupation gone. Their love of flowers, and their constant use of them as religious offerings to their deities, with their gentleness with animals, give a color of refinement to the worship of this people, which seems an embodiment of Coleridge's idea,—

> "He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast."

You may be very sure that to go to any important city in India you must either go off the main line of rail or cross a river; for Delhi you must do both. We reach there at about six P.M., by switching off at Ghazeeabad. We find Hamilton's hotel perched on the city wall, with a good view of the highly-cultivated fields of the Jumna below.

DELHI, January 15, 1873.

WE had a fair sleep during the night, somewhat modified by the very neighborly and musical disposition of the Delhi jackals, and the early visit of the sparrows seeking the earlier worm. We found our friend M——, of Boston, at breakfast, and accepted his offer to be our pilot during the morning, for which his previous arrival had qualified him. Our first visit was to the royal palace and fort built by Shah Jehan, the scene of the magnificence of the Mogul emperors, and more recently the residence of the last king of Delhi, during the rebellion and siege of the city, and the theatre of an indiscriminate massacre of the Europeans by the Sepoys. The Pearl Mosque, or private chapel for the female portion of the king's family, the extensive baths, and the buildings styled the Halls of Public and Private Audience, are in good preservation, and retain much of their beautiful carved work as well as their original paint and gilding. In the middle of the first hall stood the famous Peacock throne, worth six millions of pounds, and looted by the Persians under Nadir Shah in A.D. 1759. How poor are countries nowadays in "spolia opima"! Even Butler, in New Orleans, could be charged with taking nothing more valuable than spoons. Next came the Jumna mosque of Shah Jehan, said to be the finest in India. In

general characteristics these mosques present much sameness. All have a high, square front containing a deep central niche, with lower and similar wings on each side, on which are the minarets; the same paved quadrangle, with lofty gates, surmounted by arched galleries. In a corner was a railed space, into which we were conducted, and were shown some handsomely-illuminated old copies of the Koran, then a print of the naked foot of Mahomet in marble, a sandal which the Prophet had worn, and finally a hair of his sacred beard, secured by wax to a piece of glass, each relic carefully stowed away in a box on a bed of dried jessamine flowers. After gazing with due reverence at these holy objects, and paying the necessary fee, we went to the Black Mosque, built in 1400, a simple and inornate structure. We looked in at the Delhi Museum, where we saw some good work of steel inlaid with gold, and at least half a dozen more impressions, of various shapes and sizes, of Mahomet's feet in marble, showing the frequent use of that kind of pavement in his day, and his habit of slipping around hard and often. In the Queen's Gardens we saw quite a collection of wild animals and birds, and a large elephant in black marble.

A lot of jugglers—about half a dozen men and women—entertained us after tiffin. Most of their tricks I had seen. They made a mango-tree grow, but, I thought, rather clumsily; the best things I saw were the apparent swallowing of powders of various colors, and the spitting out of the same dry and separately; also a performer who broke a thread into small pieces, then apparently swallowed it, and then drew it out of his side. You were allowed to examine the skin where it came out, and the deception was perfect. During the per-

formance the principal fellow asked for some brandy, insisting upon at least half a pint being poured into a cup in his possession. We all supposed that it was to be used in some trick, as blue-fire or other conjuration. He simply, however, stowed it away among his traps, and nothing more was heard of it; he no doubt carried it home for private consumption. The devout Mussulman obeys the law of the Prophet to the letter, and does not touch *wine*, but has no objection to violating it in the spirit by a gentle stimulus of brandy. We passed out by the Cashmere gate, and visited the ridge along which were the lines held by the English during what is called "the siege of Delhi." This is rather a misnomer, as for a long time they rather defended themselves than threatened the city. A fine memorial tower has been erected, into the sides of which are set tablets giving the names and rank of officers who died or fell during the siege.

DELHI, January 16, 1873.

LIKE Rome, Delhi is one of the natural marts and capitals of the world. Alike, too, in another respect, splendid as are the modern cities, they fade beside the magnificence of their ancient ruins. For twenty centuries the Valley of the Jumna at this point has been the residence of a succession of vain and luxurious monarchs. Never aiming at utility, never constructing a road or a bridge, they expended their vast revenues, with whatever additional labor and material they could wring from their subjects, in building and adorning palaces, baths, mosques, and tombs, and keeping in idle splendor themselves, their queens, concubines, and children, with droves of lazy priests and armies of Sybarite retainers. An Indian king now living, going to worship in state, has had five miles of

elephants and mounted men in line as his own retinue, between himself and his eldest son, who was similarly attended. Architects, painters, and jewellers, carvers of wood, stone, and ivory, manufacturers of silks, shawls, and fine tissues, all assembled in the vicinity of the spendthrift court. The Punjaub, Cabul, Cashmere, Persia, Thibet, and even China sought here a market for their wares and products, until Delhi became permanently established as a commercial centre for the whole of the un-Europeanized East. Before the English rule, at intervals almost regular, some northern, hardier, and more warlike race, attracted by its vast wealth, would descend upon the city, loot and demolish the palaces, carry into captivity and slavery droves of the inhabitants. The natural advantages of the site are such, however, that a new population would soon aggregate itself, and some monarch assume the sway who, rather than utilize the débris of the old, preferred to connect his fame with the erection of a new city. Palaces and temples would arise in the vicinity, around which the population would collect. This process, and sometimes mere regal caprice, has left ruins of ancient cities for twenty miles around the Delhi of to-day, far surpassing in extent and perfection those of the Campagna at Rome, and probably any other in the world.

We started out this morning to see old Delhi, our objective point being the Kútub Mînar, eleven miles from the walls of the present city. Throughout this country we saw great quantities of the castor-oil bean in culture, in some instances, in favoring climate, becoming fairly a tree. In my ignorance, knowing but one use for the product of the plant, I felt much sympathy for the woes and throes which the poor

Hindoo children must be called upon to undergo, but when I learned that its general application is to purposes of lubrication and illumination, I was greatly cheered and comforted. On the road we stopped to look at an observatory of Jey Singh, similar to the one at Benares, but on a much larger scale. There is a sundial with a gnomon fifty-six feet high, and some buildings whose inner walls presented cylindrical and hemispherical surfaces, whose scientific uses my philosophy could not clearly divine. From the highway we could see tombs and mosques scattered through the country as far as the eye could reach. One or two which were near we visited; that erected to Suftur Jung resembles the Taj in many of its details. The Kútub Mînar, always on the horizon, loomed larger and larger as we approached, until we stood at the foot and made our necks ache by looking up and trying to appreciate its majestic proportions. The books say that it is the loftiest column in the world, and that its top is reached by a flight of three hundred and seventy-five steps. At any rate, J—— took all there were, and I didn't. It must have been heavy work, for I could hear him groan and puff when he emerged upon the gallery at the top, even from where I took my ease in the shade below. He tells me that even from this height there was no part of the landscape not covered with ruins. Behind the tower, and around the court, is a queer cloister, supported on columns said to have been taken from twenty-four Hindoo temples; at any rate, there are no two alike. The iconoclastic zeal of the Mohammedan is shown in the fact that wherever there is any attempt at representing men or animals in their mouldings or capitals, the head has always been carefully chiselled or hammered off. In the

centre of this area is the celebrated iron pillar of Pirtwi Râj, and on one side the most beautiful ruined arches I have ever seen, but to which nothing but a picture can do justice. As we wandered about among the ruins, we came upon a crowd listening to some rude music, watching a man in gaudy costume going through a slow kind of nautch or dance. The performance broke up, however, as soon as we appeared, and the whole crowd followed us, as apparently a new attraction. The reason was soon evident, as we came to a well said to be eighty feet in depth, into which divers immediately prepared to jump, and did so as soon as they saw our hands searching our pockets for coin.

After a noonday meal at an excellent public bungalow close by, we returned to town by another road; on this was the fine tomb built for the Emperor Houmayoun by his widow,—a place made interesting by the fact that there Captain Hodgson captured first the king and afterwards his sons, the Delhi princes. The latter he shot with his own hand, while conveying them to the city, ostensibly for fear of rescue, but really because he foresaw the leniency which would be shown them if brought to civil trial. We visited the Hall of Sixty-four Pillars, and saw some modern tombs with screen-work equal to anything ancient. There was here another deep well and diving-boys, where the plunge was made rather more difficult by a forward leap into the air being necessary in order to clear the sides. We inspected the old city of Delhi, which dates back to the fifteenth century, and is surrounded by walls sixty feet in height. It is a great rookery for the peasantry who cultivate the lands adjacent. A visit to the "Lât" or Staff of Feroze Shah, a stone monolith like that in the Queen's Col-

lege grounds at Benares, brought us to the vicinity of the Delhi gate, after a hard day's work of sight-seeing, of which this account gives but an imperfect idea.

DELHI, January 17, 1873.

WE devoted to-day to the bazaars. The painting of landscapes and miniatures on ivory, the embroidery of caps and slippers, the shops where jewelry, shawls, and perfumed oils are sold, are among the spectacles of Delhi. As we strolled among the stalls we could see among the dealers the immediate raising of the price at the sight of a white complexion. Frequently, when I really wanted anything, I would point it out to Abdul and send him back for it; he would generally get it for half the price I should have been made to pay. I find, however, that this involves the loss of much valuable time, as he will haggle fiercely for half an hour over a reduction of two annas (six cents). We saw shops not fit for cow-stables, where shawls and jewelry were shown us to the value of tens of thousands of rupees, whose owners rode in liveried carriages, but who have every day been hanging around our hotel, humbly soliciting our custom, with coolies carrying their valuables in packs like peddlers. When I thought of the dear members of my family at home, I could not resist temptation, and became extravagant beyond my utmost intention. We had half an hour after tiffin, which we devoted to seeing some female jugglers and tumblers. The most extraordinary thing they did was the placing by one woman of two straws in the earth, at proper intervals, and picking them up with her eyelids, leaning backwards as she did so. The habit of asking and giving testimonials is not the least odd and annoying of

the customs in India. Every native who performs any service for you wants your written acknowledgment of the fact: the coachman and *valet de place* who have taken you about, the "dhobe" who has mangled your linen and smashed your buttons, the juggler who has cheated your eyes, the merchant who has robbed you, and the barber who has shaved you, all collect before your departure, and "salaam" the "sahib" for a "chit;" and the greater nuisance is that it is usual to give them.

We took the train about five P.M., and continued our journey "due north."

OUDE, SCINDE & PUNJAUB RAILROAD, January 18, 1873.

The break which occurs in crossing the Sutlêdj is one of the bugbears in railway travel in the Punjaub, and the construction of the bridge has been one of the stumbling-blocks of the corps of engineers in India. The river has a bed in alluvial soil, of great breadth, across which, during freshets, in different years, new channels are formed, a mile apart. The bridge itself is said to be a mile and a quarter in length. Although the piles are sunk some forty feet, when the stream rises, some of them each year are washed away or rendered dangerous by the score. All the resources of Indian engineers have thus far failed to make them permanent. This site of the bridge was said to have been peremptorily fixed by the authorities so that it should be covered by the fort at Phillour: it would seem that the best point to throw the bridge should have decided the site for the fort. In going north you arrive at the river about daylight, an hour at which no Christian man can be amiable when deprived of sleep. We tumble out, how-

ever, rub our eyes, Abdul collects our small luggage, and, by the light of lanterns and a gibbous moon, we are stowed into dâks resembling a Continental diligence. As we resignedly smoke our cigars over the bridge of boats, we are alternately regaled and instructed by the talk of two types of the British army:—one, an old camp-woman, with a child and native servant; the other, two young subalterns, evidently visiting for the first time this part of India;—the first chaffering, coaxing, ordering, and scolding in an odd combination of Bengalee and English; the latter giving their opinions of the situation with much supercilious ignorance. One, I remember, thought that in England the bridge of the Sutlêdj would have been built at the rate of a pier and span per day. We breakfast at Phillour, whence a new train takes us to Umritsur by eleven o'clock A.M. The first good cup of coffee since I left Calcutta warmed my heart at the station, and for this I shall remember it, although the lions of the place are the Golden Temple and the cashmere shawl manufactories. To see the town, we charter a one-eyed driver in a soldier's red coat, with his barouche. After a turn through the Rambagh public garden, we proceeded to the "Lake of Immortality" and Garooka-burbar, or Golden Temple of the Sikhs. Their religion is a cross between those of Brahma and Mahomet. This is their Mecca and Holy of Holies. The tank, lined with stone steps, forms a square, with sides about a furlong in length. The temple stands in the centre of the lake, and to it leads a stone causeway, lit up at night by rows of gilt lamps. At one corner of the tank we leave our carriage, take off our shoes, replace them by cloth socks, such as country-women used to wear in winter to church, and, under the

guidance of a policeman, enter the sacred precincts. There are some rather rich temples and buildings outside the Tank; but its noted magnificence commences with the gates of the causeway, which, as well as the main doors of the temple, are covered with plates of silver. The domes are of gold-plated copper; and nothing can exceed the richness, in color and gilding, of the interior. The manufacture of shawls might, I thought, have had some influence on the excellent taste displayed in the combinations of hues. Squatted on the floor were the worshippers, chanting their devotions in concert, with an orchestra of rude instruments. One devotee, evidently a mountain pilgrim, in a wild costume, strode around the cloisters, bow in hand, and shield slung over the middle of his back, reminding me of a Nez Perces chief. On a silken cushion lay the visible type of their worship,—the Holy Book of Rites,—superintended by one of the six hundred priests said to be attached to the shrine. We paid our entrance-fee to one of the attendants, who, after placing it in a box in front of the book, repaid our munificence by presenting us with some singular lumps of rock candy, neither clean nor appetizing in appearance. The attendant priest who had taken us in charge then conducted us through some pretty gardens to a neighboring mosque, which also had a tank. He said, "Look! there are the flying foxes," calling our attention to thousands of what seemed to be hanging birds' nests in the adjacent trees, and to a black flight of what I at first supposed were crows. These singular creatures are immense bats, with a most foxy head and fur, whose leathery wings must measure nearly two feet across when outstretched. They did not seem purely nocturnal, as plenty of them were

flying or climbing about through the branches; most, however, were asleep, and, folded in their black wings, were attached by the hooks growing thereon to the smaller branches, their bodies being enclosed as if by a bag. The sides of the tank were lined with the most pitiable lot of beggars, suffering from every conceivable form of misery and deformity. J——'s heart and purse are always open to this class of unfortunates: he cannot resist the appeal of an outstretched hand. He generally gives silver in a country where able-bodied labor only earns copper, and the amount of his alms must, at times, have astonished the poor creatures. It was beautiful to see him, as he left the grounds of the mosque, with his ruddy face smiling pleasantly beneath his white hat and umbrella, at the head of a crew of mendicants clamoring for "backsheesh." He was talking to them as if they understood him, admonishing the sturdy beggars, pitying the really afflicted, and distributing coin right and left. Our guide says, "He very kind sahib," as he points out some new deserver of charity. We saw hand cashmere embroidery going on everywhere, and in one place the weaving of the cheaper kind of India shawl. This was done on a kind of double loom: four men sit at each side of the warp, with a maze of bobbins of different-colored threads in front of each; one man drones out the technical description from a parchment manuscript, when each man passes one or more spools through the necessary number of threads; the whole is then pressed by the beam into place. The process is so slow that, high-priced as the shawls are, I do not see how the workmen make a living; indeed, they are notoriously poor and filthy, and their huts in the vicinity of Umritsur are a breeding-place for cholera, and

are sometimes destroyed by the authorities for sanitary reasons. Our next visit was to a shop where more expensive shawls are put together. We saw one lying on the floor, which the head-man said was very valuable, in pieces of all sizes and shapes, none beyond a few inches square. The separation and assembling of the parts must be a problem beyond a dissected map or a Chinese puzzle. In another shop, that of one of the principal shawl merchants, by appointment to H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh (and all that kind of thing), J—— selected some shawls, the recipients of which will be able to strike envy into the souls of their less favored lady friends.

A way train takes us at five P.M. to Lahore, where we sleep at the Royal Victoria Hotel.

LAHORE, January 19, 1873.

WE were somewhat disappointed on not finding our Boston friend, M——, at the Royal Victoria, but in an early morning stroll I found a house nearly opposite ours, called by a singular coincidence of loyalty the *New* Victoria, in which I concluded he was lodged, as was proved when we sallied out sight-seeing, and encountered him on similar intent, and made him join us. In our visit to the fort, we saw some handsome mosques, tombs, and pavilions, from the roof of one of which we caught our first sight of the Himalayas with their snow-covered tops in the distance. In the bazaar was an interesting collection of the arms and armor of the subjugated Sikhs. There were helmets and plate-armor, many fine Damascus musket-barrels and blades of singular form, a flint-lock revolver working on a similar principle to that of Colt, and some models of cannon turning on an axle, intended to

be fired in volleys together. We crossed the river to the tomb of Jehanghir, which was formerly very fine, and situated in extensive gardens, but the richest of the ornaments are said to have been "looted" by the Sikhs to adorn the Golden Temple of Umritsur. The road was long and sandy, the day hot, and the load heavy, and on our return our single horse seemed perceptibly thinned, and as though he had been drawn out like wire. We passed the celebrated manufactory of "pit" ice, where water is frozen in even tolerably warm weather by exposure at night, on an open plain, in shallow, porous earthen pans placed on straw. The product is collected and pounded into pits for summer use. In the afternoon we saw some fine gardens, laid out by Shah Jehan, in which were large orange-groves and three terraces of fountains, in which the water was used successively. We are so near the mountains that it is quite cold at night, and fires are far from uncomfortable.

LAHORE, January 20, 1873.

I COULD not resist the feeling that Lahore is the middle of our journey, and that to leave was somehow to start for home: so I determined this morning to take a "square sleep" after two weeks of pretty continuous travelling and sight-seeing; but the birds chattering about my room, the creaking of the adjacent jar-surrounded water-wheel, used for irrigation, and Abdul bringing in the morning coffee, all combined to turn me out at daylight as usual.

I must here stop to pay a tribute to our boy Abdul. I find him about the best, most faithful and willing man I have ever seen in his position. My preconceived idea of Indian servants led me to suppose that we should require at least one for each of us;

but Abdul goes against Scripture: he "serves two masters," and does it pretty well. He is our interpreter, guide, broker, courier, and body and table servant, all of which is, after all, more than any one man can do perfectly. A dozen Hindoos at least would be required to do his work. With his multifarious duties he has little time to sleep or eat. The first he catches curled up in front of the door of one of his masters, ready for a call. As he cannot use our food, he catches his "grub," so to speak, "on the fly:" he jumps from the gharry as we go through bazaars, and gulps down a pipkin of milk, or seizes sugar-cane or some unsavory-looking cake from the stall of some co-religionist, and munches it *in transitu*. He goes to sleep later and gets up earlier than ourselves, and is always good-natured and zealous. He travels and fares third-class, but will fight if anything less than first is attempted to be passed upon us. When the peace of the party is threatened by faithless gharrywallas, avaricious coolies, or impertinent hotel-runners, he rages like a lion. He tries his hand at supplying all our necessities; he mends clothes, sews on buttons, cobbles shoes, cooks, whips up a chutney or curry in ten minutes, or spends a week in the composition of the former. He fears that greenhorns like ourselves may be robbed, and is always asking, "Master, where is your watch?" and, if we are flush, insists on taking part of our money and putting it under lock and key. I think our work is telling on him; but I trust he will last till we get to Ceylon. And all this for fifteen dollars per month!

A botanical garden, where were some animals and birds, a museum exhibiting a big bronze gun, handsome specimens of native jewelry and tissues, some old statuary showing an

impress of Grecian art by the conquerors of Porus, and a drive outside of the city wall, constituted our sight-seeing for the day.

RAILWAY O. & P., January 21, 1873.

WE got up early this fine frosty morning to take the back track. The usual balky horse, however, nearly succeeded in keeping us from reaching the first morning train, but he finally consented to be "prevailed on" to move, and landed us at the station in time. At Umritsur we found awaiting us to make "salaam" the shawl merchant and the attendant priest of our former visit, the latter richly dressed, carrying for us a present of sacred flowers. We recross the Sutlêdj before noon, and are detained in the hot sun at least two hours longer than was within reason. J——, with his love for children, passed the time with great satisfaction in watching the antics of a black, chubby Hindoo boy, loaded down with bangles, anklets, and necklaces in silver (and clothed in little else), who insisted on wearing his father's slippers, looking, as he frolicked about, like an Indian Cupid in snow-shoes. In recrossing the Sutlêdj on the bridge of boats, I was amused at our omnibus driver, a native in out-at-the-elbows livery, who put on most important airs, and as we progressed gave the world notice of his presence by alternately cracking his whip and blowing a horn. His proud career was interrupted by frequent stoppages to repair a defective harness, greatly to his discomfiture: so worked up did he become that finally he jumped off his box, and with his whip administered a sound thrashing to a youth who stood on the bridge gazing respectfully at the repair of the latest disaster. He probably considered his troubles a case of "evil eye;" and, having thus refreshed himself and relieved his mind,

he resumed the reins, and drove triumphantly and without further accident to the end of his stage. In returning, we saw by daylight much country which, in going north, had been part of our nocturnal ride. The soil of the "great plains," so called, is, like that of the Great Basin with us, naturally a desert, but made fertile by irrigation. The increase of the population of India under the steady and just rule of Great Britain makes new productive land necessary for its support. The government, therefore, has taken in hand a very extensive system of irrigating canals. Water usually, however, comes from wells, out of which the fluid is lifted by swapes or by oxen, who either walk down an inclined plane, lifting great leathern buckets by a pulley, or turn a wheel which lifts and empties an endless chain of earthen pots. This would be useful in California; but it is doubtful whether any general system of irrigation can succeed there, on account of the high price of labor, unless water can be made to distribute itself as in the Mormon "Takias". We had some bother from the stupidity of a conductor who had collected Abdul's return ticket, and to get him along we were obliged to have a pow-wow at every station.

CAWNPORE, January 22, 1873.

AFTER a tiresome and uninteresting journey, we reached Cawnpore at about three o'clock P.M., and took up quarters for the night at a hotel of the same name. It should be an excellent place of entertainment if we are to believe all the complimentary things written in the hotel book. We took a pony wagon and visited the spots made historical by the mutiny: the cemetery where the officers and soldiers who lost their lives are buried, the entrenched lines from within

which General Wheeler surrendered the force afterwards so treacherously massacred by Nana Sahib as they were embarking for Allahabad at the Suttee-Chaora-Ghât, which we visited. Finally, we enter the beautiful garden which marks the scene of the massacre of the women and children, and of the well into which their bodies were thrown. Over this is a memorial piece of statuary by Baron Marochetti.

CAWNPORE, January 23, 1873.

WE took an early start for the Lucknow train, and *en route* made an exploration of the town, which possesses little of interest except a new and well-kept Hindoo temple, with domes of unusual form and covered with elaborately-carved figures. Some of them seemed to have been suggested by Midsummer Night's Dream, as there were plenty of winged figures that might pass for fairies, and familiar Bottom with his ass's head was visible. As we crossed the bridge of boats to the station, we found on it two elephants in front of us. As I was playing Jehu, I took good care not to get on to the same span with the monsters. Their getting over at all spoke well for the buoyancy of the bridge.

For almost the first time since we started, we were obliged to occupy a car with strangers, which perhaps has been our misfortune, as a man often learns a great deal from travelling residents of a country. Our hotel at Lucknow is "Hill's Imperial," which is very central, and was formerly connected with the palace adjoining. To do Lucknow properly, it should be visited from Calcutta in the natural order in which it comes on the G. I. P. R. R.; but we, who at first pushed by to Agra, to see it romantically by moonlight, find that we have detracted

from the pleasure of our visit here by having established in our minds too high a standard by which to judge the monuments of the place. All travellers agree that, seen from a distance, it is one of the most striking cities in India; but after the real white marble and massiveness of Agra and Delhi, and the real silver and gold of Umritsur, one does not feel like being put off with theatrical effects produced by whitewash stucco and Dutch metal. The whole is, moreover, comparatively modern. It would seem that the architects might have studied from ancient models with good results, but they seem, instead, to have gone mad: the Kaiser Pasund is surmounted by what exactly suggests the quarter of an orange; other structures are finished by large gilt umbrellas, like a New York sign, and some domes are only indicated by two intersecting circles, while the front of the Martinière seems designed from some sprawling coat of arms or an undertaker's hatchment. J—— says that Lucknow is just what one would expect in India if he had not read of the Taj and the Jummah Musjid. The reigning family seem to have abandoned entirely that simplicity which is one of the beauties of the faith of Islam. They adopted coats of arms, and decorated their gateways and arches with impossible fish and mermaids. They exhibited to posterity bad pictures of themselves and families, and the interior of their mosques had all the tinsel of a Roman Catholic chapel. The great halls of Imâmbara are really fine, and many temples and tombs have an interest derived from events in the mutiny. The Residency so long in siege, now in ruins, and pitted everywhere by the shot of the rebels, has judiciously been left to tell its own story, while the tombs and temples of Secundra Bagh and Shah Nujef,

where so many captured mutineers were put to the sword, show the terrible vengeance of which the Anglo-Saxon is capable, and are a perpetual admonition to those they hold in subjection. We spent a charming day among the historical scenes of '57, and in driving about the town and through the park.

LUCKNOW, January 24, 1873.

A STROLL through the bazaars this morning repaid us by the sight of many pretty specimens of native silver-work and embroidery. We drove to the Alum Bagh, where is the tomb of Havelock,—a simple shaft, with a long-worded inscription. The tablet is rather an insult to the understanding, as any one likely to take the trouble to visit the grave is presumed to know something of the hero's record. My own impression is that something too much of stress is laid by their biographers upon the eminently Christian character of such men as Havelock and Hodgson. War, in general, and especially the suppression of rebellion, where the few repress the many, requires fierce and cruel measures, which resemble in no respect, that I can discover, the teachings of Christ. The slaughter by thousands of a weaker race taken in arms, the execution and blowing of mutineers from guns, as was done under Havelock, shooting with his own hand men in cold blood, as Hodgson did the princes of Oude, shutting prisoners in a cell to let them die by scores from thirst and lack of ventilation, as was done by Cooper, on the Ravee, is war, and may be necessary, but I don't remember its being commanded in the New Testament. I can't, anyhow, justify my profession always on high moral grounds,—not that I haven't the most supreme admiration for the brave man who does his duty sternly and gallantly through

the dangers and hardships of war, and takes life while at the same time he freely exposes his own.

We have seen more elephants in Lucknow than in all the rest of India together. On our road back we came across a large serai (or corral) belonging to the commissariat, where there were over sixty of the monsters. They were fastened by the leg at intervals around the square, and were feeding on sugar-cane, of which they would pick up a stalk daintily by the thumb and finger of the trunk, and push it into the mouth as a man eats a radish. It was a hot morning, and they had a way of covering their heads and backs with litter and blowing dust over themselves to keep off the flies. Two enormous fellows were said to be dangerous, and were chained by all their feet, even their keeper not liking to approach them. He said, "They have killed plenty men." One big fellow was being groomed by throwing pailfuls of water over him, and scraping him by a process resembling garden-hoeing. He seemed to enjoy it greatly, and at command held his trunk gingerly in the air, so as not to interfere with his attendant while scratching about his legs and chest. J—— made a hit to-day. In going to his bank for funds he picked up a bronze hookah-stand inlaid in silver with the arms of Oude, which had been "looted" in the palace on the capture of the city.

I wrote to-day the first home letter I have found time to write in India.

January 25, 1873. G. I. P. R. R.

STARTING off in the cars has hitherto been early work throughout our journey, but to take them as we did this morning, at half-past ten, is very reasonable. The cars on this branch railroad are divided into upper and lower class,

and it strongly assures one of his position to take the former. There was a great crowd of natives at the station, seeking passage. Though they are the best customers of the road, but little attention is paid to their convenience, and it was not pleasant to see the way they were hustled about by the officials (generally natives), every one submitting with smiling, perspiring patience. They were generally *en route* to Allahabad, to attend the mala or festival in progress. The common people here travel much, but seem to have little or no useful purpose in so doing. With us, when this class travels, it means business,—emigration, seeking work, or something of that practical nature; but with the Hindoo it is a pilgrimage, a religious festival, a funeral, or a wedding. No native buys a ticket higher than second-class, and generally all castes crowd into the third. Here the Brahmin and Pariah are packed like figs in a box, and a contact ensues which would formerly have been degradation and infamy to the superior. The third-class fare is, however, very cheap,—money is saved, the rupee is almighty,—so I suppose the priests give a dispensation from caste in railway travelling. The other occupants of our carriage were a ritualistic High-Church-of-England parson and a keen Scotch Presbyterian indigo planter. We were together all day, and we got to know them very well. Both were intelligent men, and they had some funny sparring on religious questions. At Cawnpore we took a drive through the bazaars, which was not specially compensating. In changing trains at the station, we occupied, for the third time, car 18, in which we left Calcutta. Either first-class cars are scarce or this one must be following us. Half-past nine in the evening brought us to Allahabad and Kellner's

Hotel. At an enjoyable cold supper we had a cold ham, the first I have seen so served in the country. Europeans generally avoid the use of pork, a meat to which both Hindoo and Mohammedan object. It is said that when obliged to violate their consciences by cooking or serving it, before placing it on the table the servants form a circle and solemnly expectorate upon the accursed meat. I will not say that in this way it is served,—"just from the *spit*,"—but will state that it is the Indian custom to remove the outside before carving.

ALLAHABAD, January 26, 1873. Sunday.

I OBSERVED along the line of the G. I. P. R. R. numerous advertisements of Bristol's Sarsaparilla and other American medicines. I was told that the patentee, whose portrait adorns the bottle, with two lovely but rather pronounced American daughters, was honoring our hotel with his patronage. The landlord this morning, thinking to gratify my national pride, remarked, "Those Hamerican medicines are making a great stir among the natives." I ventured to say that I hoped they would continue to do so, if they took them for that purpose. At this season is a great mala or religious festival, when pious Hindoos assemble to bathe at the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges. Their principal offering is their hair, which is shaved off on the spot. For every individual hair which falls into the sacred waters there is said to be secured an *eternity insurance* of a million years of Paradise. We drove our carriage as near to the scene as the heavy sand would permit, and then to the river, transferred to an eckla, an indescribable vehicle, in which we sat in the middle, with our legs hanging over the sides. The point was gay

with tents and quaint flags, and was approached by long lines of booths combining the secular with the religious. The worshippers numbered thousands, and the most thriving trade seemed that of barber. There was a field of at least two acres which was full of barbers and their customers, who rapidly cleared the skulls on which they operated of all capillary substances, except a bunch on top like the Pawnee Indian's scalp-lock. I didn't notice that much of it fell into the river, as there were small boys with bags collecting such of the shorn material as they found suitable. It is said to make excellent ropes for wells and other similar purposes. The devotees looked sheepish enough with their denuded polls, as they left the hands of the tonsorial artists to say their prayers, make an offering of flowers, and take a plunge into the river. We took a boat, and had an excellent view of the motley crowd, then toiled back through the hot sun and sand to our original carriage. Our reverend friend yesterday expressed his regrets, apologetically, that, it being the Sabbath, his duties would prevent him from acting as our cicerone, but nevertheless invited us to take tiffin with him at the N. W. Province Club. We found the club most comfortable and convenient, and the food and wines irreproachable. The serving of chops hot, with the gridiron on which they were cooked, was a new idea to me, and we must have sat at least three hours over our repast.

ALLAHABAD, January 27, 1873.

THIS is a great railway junction, and, like some of our railroad towns at home, is pretty much tyrannized over by the railroad powers. It takes here the most cruel form possible, in a tremendous steam-whistle, which three times a day, and

twenty minutes each time, blows as a signal to the employés. The first blast is at early daylight, and you are awakened by it and compelled to listen to the infernal shriek, until each five minutes seems an hour, lying in "speechless agony until your ear is numb." There is no use in protesting: it would take an act of Parliament to stop it.

We took an early substantial breakfast with the parson, who, with another bachelor friend in the Educational Department, keeps a snug "chummery" not far from the hotel. He is a man of taste, has a nice garden and library, and gratified my Hartford pride by his high praise of Dr. Bushnell's sermons. I must say I have never read them myself, but *n'importe*, neither have I those of my ancestor, Jonathan Edwards. In his garden was a dry well, lined with niches, in which a servant kept pigeons. He had them adorned with bangles on their legs, with names for each, and could make them fly and circle about by signal.

The show-places here are the Garden of Koushroo, the railway bridge over the Jumna, and the old fort, with its arsenal and subterranean temple. The latter is one of the specially holy places in India; through it runs an invisible spiritual river, which flows into the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges. There are peculiarly sacred images of the gods, and a banyan-tree only four millions of years old, which neither grows nor shoots forth leaves.

I was told that the present representation was brought in by the Brahmins last spring, by night, with the consent of the military authorities. The fact probably is that the temple was an old one, which was covered by the débris in building and excavating for the fort, and when it became damp and dirty its

sacred character was greatly enhanced. There is a companion monolith here to those of Benares and Delhi. We elected ourselves members of the club, and took our lunch and tiffin there, the parson always our guest. I intended to have mentioned, in speaking of his bachelor establishment, that such is the division of labor in India that these two gentlemen could not keep house with a less number than *eighteen* servants. We bade our friend farewell at the train for Jubbelpore, 10.30 P.M.

JUBBELPORE, January 28, 1873.

We arrived at Kellner's Hotel in time for breakfast. When the bands of Thugs were rooted out they were concentrated here, placed under strict military guard, and set to work, with their women and children, in a large establishment, at making carpets and tents. Some of the older men have been kept in irons for more than thirty years, for murders committed, and a hard-looking set of rascals they are. Their children, however, are a jolly lot of "gamins," who don't look as though they would ever take to garroting as a profession. There is a gorge of the Nerbudda, called the "Marble Rocks," a few miles from the town, where the river has a fall of thirty feet and breaks through cliffs of marble and basalt. Tourists have wasted much ink in writing about the scenery, but it does not strike people very forcibly who, like ourselves, are recently from the Yosemite and Columbia River. The road was crowded with pilgrims going to and returning from the spot. Like all Indian rivers, the Nerbudda has its sacred attributes, and at certain "malas" its water is alternately used with that from the Ganges and Jumna in oblation to the gods. In fact, *water* would seem to be the visible type of Hindoo worship, as *fire* is that of the

Parsee. It constitutes his wealth and his luxury. It is the man's labor to supply it for irrigation to the fields, the woman's to provide it for the household. It produces his food, cleanses his scanty raiment, and, as a bath, invigorates, by its coolness, the body enervated by tropical heats, purifying the soul as well as the body. The bands of pilgrims move in compact marching order; the bedding is folded across the body; a pole carries jars covered with basket-work, in which the water is borne away. These are decorated with little flags, and some with a cross canopy, which protects the bearer from the sun. They bathe in the river, fill their pots therefrom, and then move in small processions from shrine to shrine, chanting songs and doing "pooja" at each, paying of course the essential fees to the Brahmin priests. They seemed jolly fellows, and would shout at or chaff us as our horses galloped through their camps, as we returned after dusk to the hotel at Jubbelpore.

G. I. R. R. to Bombay, January 29, 1873.

We have lately been made somewhat anxious by the vicinity of Lord Hobart, the Governor of Madras, who, with his suite, is making the tour of the Northwest Provinces, knowing that with such swells on hand we should be likely to get neither accommodation nor attention from hotel-keepers or railway officials. It was not therefore with much pleasure that we learned that the party occupied the train we were to take for Bombay, and that we could not avoid it without lying over. The result accorded with our expectations, as, instead of having a coach to ourselves as usual, we were obliged to be content with an inconvenient smoking-car, which was a thoroughfare for men and women, night and day.

The country between Jubbelpore and the coast range is high, the soil thin, and the vegetation sparse and untropical. Crops of pulse and lentil seemed to flourish, in the midst of which, as scarecrows, were old water-jars on poles, whitewashed into an odd resemblance to turbans. The natives are rustic and simple, and as the train passed, women would cover their heads and turn their backs lest they should unveil their glimpses to the passing infidels. In one place the trees were full of monkeys, and it was funny to see them, chattering in terror, drop from the trees and scuttle away from the train. The stations along the road are remarkable for the good order in which they are kept, and the good taste displayed in the flower-beds around them.

R. R. AND BOMBAY, January 30, 1873.

AFTER a very disturbed night, the morning found us in a rather unappreciative state amidst the scenery of the Ghauts. These singular mountains seem to be in terraces or steps (as their name implies), and some of the effects, forms, and landscapes are very extraordinary and impressive. The road through the Thull Ghaut is a triumph of engineering. The gradients are very steep, and in one instance where there is no room for a curve, the train stops, and an engine is attached to what was its rear, and proceeds with it apparently in the same direction from which it had come. We arrived at Bycullah, the first station in Bombay, at about ten o'clock A.M., and here Lord Hobart left us, after being received with all the honors by troops and a mob of colonial dignitaries. In a few moments after, we were similarly received at the last station by an enthusiastic deputation of gharry-drivers and hotel-runners, so we promptly formed a procession, with Abdul and the

luggage in the rear, and proceeded in state to the Esplanade Hotel. This is a tall, ungainly iron building, occupying the best corner of the best square in Bombay. One must climb two high stories before finding a sleeping-room, and these, for purposes of ventilation, have an opening between partition and ceiling of at least two feet, which most undesirably enables one to hear the most confidential disclosures between lodgers, —even man and wife. The proximity into which this brings the inmates quite justifies its being called a *family* hotel, and it would be invaluable in the case of a betrothed youth who should desire to know whether his future repose was likely to be destroyed by the snoring of his intended. I expected to get home letters here, and didn't, and my disappointment quite destroyed my pleasure for the rest of the day.

BOMBAY, January 31, 1873.

I AWOKE this morning with one of my old-fashioned sick headaches,—the first that had mastered me since leaving California. I tried to fight it by going, early in the morning, to Crawford Market, an extensive structure, with a fine show of the edible productions of the country. After trying to eat some breakfast, I gave up, and subsided for the rest of the day. In to-day's paper I found a paragraph from Allahabad, which spoke of J—— and me, and of our having honored the place with a visit; also stating that we were "loud in our praises of the progress being made in India under the sway of the *Britishers*." With what impertinence the English constantly put the latter word in our mouths! I have never heard it used seriously except by Englishmen.

Bombay, February 1, 1873.

I shook my head on awaking this morning, and gladly found that I had slept off the aching, so without discomfort I sallied out to breakfast. We had a letter to the American Consul,—a "fair, fat, and forty" fellow, also friendly, rather hard of hearing, and proud of representing "our ge-rate and ge-lorious" country. On occasions of ceremony he is said to get up his ponderous frame in the uniform of a post captain of the navy. I found some letters here addressed to his care, and met three American gentlemen with whom I left Calcutta, now just about to take their departure for Suez, content with having done India in three weeks.

We took a long evening drive behind Farnum's four horses of at least twenty miles, and saw very favorably the surroundings of the city.

Bombay, February 2, 1873.

We took a small steam-tug early this morning with Farnum as guest and guide, and proceeded about six miles across the bay to the celebrated caves of Elephanta. On arriving near the shore, we found that Sir Philip Wodehouse, the Governor of Bombay, had been entertaining Lord Hobart with a picnic at this spot on the day before, and all the boats usually in attendance to help visitors ashore were engaged in transporting the paraphernalia of the fête to a government tug lying off the island. We asked as a favor that one of the boats should set us ashore on one of its return journeys; but the crabbed cockney in charge utterly refused the accommodation, and we were obliged to push our tug as near in to shore as possible, and then submit ourselves to be carried on the shoulders of some slim natives, which, as can be imagined, was rather a ticklish

job, involving imminent danger of a ducking. Fairly ashore, however, it was necessary for us to climb an immense staircase under a melting sun, at the end of which the comparative coolness of the caves was quite refreshing. The stone elephants in front, from which the caves and island took their name, have long since disappeared, and time is from year to year working much havoc with the sculptures of the interior. The style is quite different from anything else in India. It is of massive, stern, Egyptian type. Considering the circumstances under which they were executed, the supporting pillars and colossal figures in high relief are excellently proportioned, and the huge combined heads of Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer are each very heroic and characteristic. We returned to the tug in the same way that we left it, with the addition of wet feet on my part, and arrived at the Apollo Bunder about noon. After my evening drive, I dined at the Adelphi Hotel, Bycullah, a favorite suburb of Bombay.

BOMBAY, February 3, 1873.

I DEVOTED this day to business. I overhauled and, with Abdul's assistance, repacked my luggage, selected the worth of about two hundred and fifty rupees in Bourne & Shepherd's Indian photographs, drew money on my letters of credit, paid my bills, including my Delhi purchases, and gave Farnum my model of the Taj in soapstone, which I intend for General Meigs, to be sent home by an American ship should one be found on these seas. I have a good deal of this kind of bread cast on the surface of the waters, for the return of which I shall ever pray.

There is a fine public drive in Bombay, looking directly

out to sea, between what are called Coloba and Malabar Points. There is a band-stand for which the different military bands supply music, and it is the fashionable evening's amusement for the carriage people to assemble there before the dinner hour, which is usually just after sunset. We are having soft moonlight nights, which I utilized by a satisfactory but solitary drive.

It will be noticed in a journal in this country, that unless you go to a ball or linger at the house where you have dined, there is nothing done after dinner. After that hour you are not expected to call or drop in even upon your intimates. With the evident intention of discouraging visiting, calling hours are fixed at that broiling period between twelve o'clock noon and two P.M. Everybody in a large hotel is asleep by ten, but they make up for it by extreme early rising. No one sleeps after daylight. Before sunrise the energetic take, either on foot or on horseback, the exercise which alone in this climate preserves the liver, and everybody takes "chota hazree" or "little breakfast," which is supposed to fortify the stomach against malaria, and consists of tea or coffee, toast, and eggs.

BOMBAY, February 4, 1873.

WHEN we left Calcutta, Colonel Earle, Military Secretary to Lord Northbrook, was kind enough to send us a package of letters to officials in most of the important stations in Upper India. We had little time, and, feeling very independent, as little inclination, to mix ourselves in formalities with pompous British swells. To show, however, that his kindness was not unappreciated, I went to Government House, and sent in my card and letter to Major Deane, who is Military Secretary to

the Governor, and whose wife, like Colonel Earle's in Calcutta, does the honors of the house. Consul Farnum drove me thither. I was a little surprised at being received also by the Governor himself, Sir Philip Wodehouse, and we had a very pleasant chat of half an hour. In an evil moment I listened to the advice of an officer of the Governor's staff, who intimated that it was also my duty to leave my card upon the Commander-in-Chief, Sir (something) Spencer, who was living in camp on the Esplanade. My card was taken by a pert aide-de-camp, who told me that it was not his master's day for receiving, and asked if I had any special business with him. I replied that I had not the slightest desire to see his chief, and that my call was only formal, and drove off rather indignant, as I remembered what a different reception would have been granted any English officer at the headquarters of any American general.

In the evening, however, the general rode up to the carriage in which I sat listening to the band, asked to be introduced to me, and expressed his regret that he was not at home when I called, etc., etc. The undoubtedly aristocratic portion of the English army are, like gentlemen all the world over, polite and considerate, but the average officer is a puppy of a mild type. In my gushing days I used to entertain these a great deal, shared my blankets with them, gave them to eat and drink of my best, and my horses to ride, as long as they should choose to hang about my headquarters; but that sort of thing is now played out, and it is very little trouble I have given myself of late in entertaining those gentlemen. Our little French friend, Bienville, who came with us from Java, turned up to-day at our hotel, and sails on the next steamer for

France, a country for which he has a very bad case of home-sickness. He thinks "very small bee" of India, even of the more ancient monuments, and sighs for what Clarence King calls "French vittals."

BOMBAY, February 5, 1873.

HAVING been for some time annoyed by a succession of "Job's comforters," which made exercise not only difficult but impracticable, and as my *compagnon de voyage* desires to go to Madras by rail, making excursions off the road at certain points, I have concluded to go down by sea to Baypore on the next British India steamer, and pick him up somewhere on the railroad between that point and Madras. I went to the train to see him off, and made up my mind to be "as lonely as a borrowed pup" until we should again come together.

Fortune favored me, however, and on my return to my hotel I found Todhunter, one of the best Englishmen I have met on my travels, looking me up. He comes to Bombay to start for Australia and New Zealand, where he has property. I have discovered a good restaurant on the Apollo Bunder; we adjourned thither for tiffin, and then drove to the hospital for sick animals. It was a queer place, and extended into several courts. Sick and stray animals of all species are sent there, and the expenses of their keeping and cure are defrayed by native subscriptions. Once taken in, they are not permitted again to visit the outer world. It was quite a zoological collection, —Indian cows with the curved humps predominating,—many with badly broken and dislocated limbs. There were also dogs, horses, donkeys, fowls, monkeys, and even a sick porcupine. Most of the granivorous animals were sleek and fat; but the dogs, not being allowed meat, were a sorry mangy lot indeed.

We again drove out this evening, when we saw and smelt the enclosure where Hindoo bodies are burned, and at a distance I saw the noted "Hill of Silence," where the Parsees expose, upon gratings, the remains of their relatives, to be devoured by crows and vultures, the bones, when sufficiently picked, dropping into a vault beneath. We also saw a fire-temple illuminated for a Parsee wedding. It was simply a building open at the sides, covering three sides of a court, with three rows of lights in the interior.

BOMBAY, February 6, 1873.

BOMBAY is the brightest and most cheerful city I have seen in India. When they thought that our war was going to last forever, and that the world must be supplied with cotton from that port, they spent a great deal of money in paint and corner lots. The surface covered by the city is large, and, having no dread of earthquakes before their eyes, the buildings are run up seven and eight stories in height. The equipages of Europeans and Parsees are handsome, and the carriage-horses really fine, being generally of Arab breed. New elements of population aggregate at this point, and Persians, Arabs, and Africans give another type to costume. This has a tendency to the gorgeous. Much "kincob" or gold embroidery is worn, and the turbans of almost the poorest class are spangled with it. The women walk the streets unveiled, and wear a costume which shows the figure. The Parsee, or "fire-worshipper," is the feature of Bombay. It is said that there are fifty thousand in the city. They are a comely race, particularly the women and children; their features and eyes are Jewish, as are their money making and keeping characteristics. The

rich have fine houses, keep the best of horses, entertain sumptuously, and some are munificently public-spirited; in gratitude for this some of them have received the honor of English knighthood. The younger ones, like English lads, play much at cricket. The men conform in most respects to European costume, but their religion makes them persistently retain a peculiar brown *papier-maché* mitre, which, like the Chinese pigtail, was at first imposed upon them as a badge of servitude by some dominant and oppressive race. They marry but one wife, and are the kindest of husbands and fathers. Their custom of leaving their dead to be devoured as carrion by the birds of the air is their most unpleasant feature. I received to-day an invitation to an evening party at the Governor's, but indisposition of mind and body, and a certain lack of desire to meet a lot of people whom I should never see again, induced me to send my regrets. Let me here remark that I find a very bad tone in Indian society, in the way Englishmen publicly pick over and scandalize ladies, when they get together at clubs and elsewhere. As some honest American told them, "If you should want to talk like that about ladies in St. Louis, you would better have your coffins ordered for the next morning!" I have two invitations to dinner on the 7th, one from the gentleman whom Todhunter is visiting, and another from an American doctor, who was surgeon to Warren's Zouaves, brigaded with me when I was colonel of the 1st Connecticut. He is rather an injudicious party, and has shocked colonial society in violating their notions of propriety by some of his escapades. It does not interfere with his practice, however, which is among the natives, and lucrative. They are getting up an exhibition in Bombay, and an Englishman on the com-

mittee for hanging pictures told me that one of the best shown was a portrait of Lincoln, by Huntington, belonging to a Parsee, who had purchased it at a high figure while on a tour in the United States.

BOMBAY, February 7, 1873.

AMONG the sojourners at the Esplanade Hotel I thought I discovered a familiar face, and when the owner of it spoke to me I found it belonged to an Irishman from New Orleans, named O'Brien, who occupied the state-room next to mine when I crossed on the Scotia in 1868, and whom I afterwards met in Egypt. He has been travelling ever since, and has explored many out-of-the-way places, both Arctic and Torrid.

Was made happy by the receipt of home letters. Todhunter is trying to arrange it to go down the coast with me, which would be very pleasant, considering how much we have been together since leaving San Francisco.

We drove out in the afternoon, and took dinner, at which the third American was a handsome young captain of an English steamer. "Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see," I always prefer the society of Americans, if I can get it. On the other hand, Englishmen are not ordinarily good company. You never hear from them an original idea, or a new story, and their mode of listening conveys to you the disagreeable idea that they are paying attention, not to *what* you say, but to the way in which you say it.

BOMBAY, February 8, 1873.

As it is my last day at Bombay, I pack up and pay my bills. Todhunter bids me farewell, as he fears missing the connection at Point de Galle with the Australian steamer, and takes the P. and O. Doolittle takes a parting lunch with me at the

Apollo Bunder. I make a bargain with a half-caste for twelve annas to set me on board ship with my luggage. Fairly on the boat, I asked him, "Have you told the boatman how much I pay?" He replied, coolly, "Oh, yes; pay him twelve annas, one rupee, all the same." I find myself very comfortable on the British steamer Satara; the cabin is good, passengers few, and we sail a little before sundown.

At Sea, February 9 to 12.

A smooth sea, pleasant days and moonlight nights, a comfortable and uncrowded ship, and comparative repose after hard successive travelling by land, made the voyage seem very agreeable. The Malabar coast is high, and in some places mountainous, its whole length bordered by a fringe of cocoanut palms, which grow close down to the very water's edge, and the Ghauts, with their fantastic forms, are constantly on the horizon. Except Carwar, to which a railroad for shipping cotton is projected, there is no harbor the whole distance. We made some eight ports during our passage, and, with the exception named, goods and passengers were at each transferred to and from the ship through a white wall of breakers, which, from sea, was apparently impenetrable, but through which the specially-constructed native boats (missulas) found their way with great apparent ease. Except some troops and their officers, whom we took on our last day, there were but five passengers in all, and one of these left us half-way to Carwar. This one was an intelligent, observant gentleman, with a soft modulated voice like that of my chief, General Meigs, who told me much about the natives and their odd ideas. They think that if a boat sails far enough south it will come to a high wall, which is the end of the world, upon which no

man dare climb, for if he looks over he must inevitably fall off. *En route* thither is passed a kind of native Paradise, where to get rid of their superfluity and abundance the inhabitants "pay men to eat up the rice." They think that the movement of a locomotive or a steamer is caused by a god, which the superior power of the European has imprisoned within the machine; that the forces of the divinity are aroused by roasting him; and they are sure he is there, because they have frequently heard his puffs, groans, and even shrieks! They express an odd preference for the old days of despotism and irregularity. One said, "Before you Englishmen came and established mails, every now and then in a town silk would become scarce; then a man who had a 'seer' of silk could sell it for forty rupees. Now, in such a case, they write a letter, and more comes in three days." Another says, "In old times, a king, while walking in the early morning, met a poor man. His majesty says, 'You are very poor?' The reply was, 'That is very true.' So the king gave him a thousand rupees." He adds, with a sigh, "We don't have such times now." I was sorry when my friend left us, as I didn't take kindly to the rest of the passengers. One was a very green Englishman belonging to the educational branch. He hadn't two ideas in his head, and I used to catch him using his fingers for a pocket-handkerchief on the sly. Teaching manners was evidently not his specialty. The other was the wife of some English officer, who was going to some "hill" station by sea while her husband marched with troops by land. Her escort was a native maid (ayah), a dog, and a parrot. Between the screams of the bird and the barking of the animal and the shouting for and scolding of the maid by the mistress, there

was no peace for one's life. The voice of the latter was of the loudest, and everybody on the ship had the benefit of her conversation while it was in progress. She had actually taught the parrot to utter a sound resembling "chug—chug—chug," which accomplishment, with that of her dog, who had actually learned to bark, was constantly exhibited. The trial of temper to a quiet traveller who likes his nap may be imagined. Her table-talk displayed none of that fastidious prudery for which my fair countrywomen are censured. Her delicate sense could not bear the smells of the ship, which she declared were like those of a "*main drain.*" She would describe with great minuteness the ravages of ants on her person; gave interesting statistics with regard to *slaughter-houses* in the vicinity of Bombay; told how long at her last station meat would keep before getting "nasty and high;" and complained of her seat at table, as she averred that her legs were so short that she couldn't reach the floor. After standing this kind of thing for four days, I felt that I needed change.

R. R. FROM BAYPORE TO MADRAS, February 13, 1873.

WE arrived at Baypore by daylight, and Abdul was smart enough to catch the first boat which came off to the ship, its crew surging through the breakers. I stowed myself and traps therein, said farewell to nobody, "as nobody did to I," and struck out for shore. It was my first experience in breakers, and the skill of the navigators was marvellous. Baypore is a pretty native town, with apparently nothing European about it except the hotel and station, which are close to the beach. It is picturesquely embowered in palms, with a background of blue hills. I find a telegram from J—— at the station, ap-

pointing Bangalore as a rendezvous on Saturday (the day of my arrival being Thursday). Evidently he does not suppose I can get down so early by a day or more: so I conclude to surprise him by picking him up at Madras, where I suppose him to be. The train starts at eight o'clock A.M. The day is cool and pleasant; the road leads through beautiful scenery at the foot of the Neilgherry Hills on both sides. All the natives are busy with the rice-culture,—flooding the fields, irrigating with scoops and a kind of see-saw with a bucket at one end, ploughing, and, in some cases, men and oxen treading out the last year's crop. As first-class passengers are scarce, I have a whole compartment to myself, where I can loll or sleep as I choose, and I am not unhappy.

MADRAS, February 14, 1873.

FROM daylight until we reached Madras, at about nine A.M., the whole country was flooded into a lake for rice-planting. It seems strange enough to one who has lived in South Carolina, where the vicinity of a rice-field was supposed to be certain death to the unacclimated white man, that no one here complains of it or fears the malarious effects of the sun upon the overflowed soil. The Madras station is close to the sea, and the road by which we drove to the Hotel Royal led along almost the whole length of the harbor, if an open roadstead with a stiff line of breakers all along the beach can be called so. Our hotel is the old Government House, and has extensive grounds prettily laid out. After bath and breakfast, I start out to find my friend's whereabouts. I inquired about him at Arbuthnot & Co., his bankers, and at Atkins' Hotel, where he lodged, and learned that he had gone to Conjeveram, and concluded that by an early start on the following

day I should catch him at some point along the railway. The Zoological Gardens at Madras are the best I have seen in India. The animals seem as lively and healthy as they would be in a state of freedom. A native keeper, by stirring up the animal in a peculiarly facetious manner with a pole, treated me to a roar of laughter from the hyena. It was, of course, particularly musical and contagious, but I think it would make a traveller's hair stand on end if suddenly uttered very close to him on a lonely road after dark.

I visited some Hindoo temples, of which the architecture is quite different from that in the Punjaub or Northern India. They greatly affect queer pyramidal spires over the gates, which they call gopuums. These are often twelve and fourteen stories in height, and are covered with grotesque designs in high relief. While buying some photographs, the English salesman proved himself to have, as a pretty good *guesser*, the elements of Yankee in him, by asking if I was not the friend of a gentleman named J——. He said he thought so because we "talked alike." It was an oppressively hot night, and to get air and keep off mosquitoes I was compelled to hire boys to pull the punka over me all night,—an Oriental degree of luxury to which I had not previously attained, but I found it so real a comfort, and so cheap withal, that I had it every night when I needed it during the remainder of my stay in the country.

MADRAS AND R. R., February 15, 1873.

MY "balmy" of last night was only disturbed by the nocturnal shrieks of the flying foxes, which are here in much greater numbers than at Umritsur. I turned out early and took train for Bangalore. There are several branch roads

which lead into the main one, and as I came in succession to the stations at the several junctions, I looked along the platforms expecting to see J——'s familiar face. Failing entirely to do so, I was greatly disappointed, as I had closely calculated his movements and those of the trains, and had concluded that he must join the train I was on somewhere on the road. I was not a little at a loss to discover the mistake in my reasoning. On arriving at Bangalore, however, I found him there before me, and he explained that he did not come down from Conjeveram by train at all, but was pushed down by man-power, on a trolly (or hand-car, as we should call it), and was thus enabled to take an earlier train to Bangalore.

BANGALORE, February 16, 1873.

THIS is a military and sanitary station, high up among the Neilgherry Hills, possessing most of the year a charming and healthy climate, and by many is much preferred to the sanitariums among the Himalayas, which are afflicted in summer with dampness and heavy rains. The best part of the town is very English, and the cantonments of the troops are quite extensive. As usual, Bangalore has a public garden and a collection of animals. Among these was a specimen of the Tasmanian *devil*, about which I had lately read a magazine article describing him as being one of the most fierce and intractable of wild beasts. He was an ugly creature, like an exaggerated, short black cat, with eyes like coals of fire. We went over the ruins of the palace of Tippoo Sahib, which was in bad general condition, and probably not very fine in its best days. After church we called upon Mrs. Scott, formerly Madame Bodisco, who was an old Washington belle. She still retains her handsome eyes and agreeable manners. She has two

pretty Bodisco daughters,—Alhamar and Olga, and a son is now visiting her who is a subaltern in the Russian Imperial Guards. From him I learn that my St. Petersburg friends, the K——s, have lately come badly to grief in a pecuniary way by losses incurred in the construction of railways. We looked over some specimens of Trichinopoly jewelry, which were very handsome, and, queerly enough, cheaper and more abundant than in the city where they are manufactured. J—— made some valuable investments therein. We took train for Trichinopoly at half-past eight o'clock P.M.

MADRAS R. R., Monday, February 17, 1873.

I WOKE up to a hot morning after a severely uncomfortable night. The road is rough, owing to the sleepers being of cast iron, the only practicable material which the white ants cannot eat. I think the English might with benefit take a leaf from our book on the subject of travel over long routes. A night spent in one of these compartments is gentle torture. The train is slow and unpunctual, and is loaded down with pilgrims *en route* to the great festival at the temples of Comberconum. We arrived about three hours behind time at Trichinopoly, where we found nothing in the shape of conveyance at the station, and were obliged to wait an hour in a fearful crowd, to be taken to the meanest hotel we have yet struck. The proprietor was so poor that Abdul was obliged to advance him money in order to buy us meat and drink. At sundown parade, the band of the adjacent cantonment beat off with "Dixie." As I constituted all the United States troops present, I could not march over and avenge the insult, but I felt very much like it. The night was hot, but I was kept tolerably comfortable by the exertions of two men, at a cost of about twenty cents.

TRICHINOPOLY, February 18, 1873.

WE took an early start, and visited the temples of Siva on the island of Seringham, some of the finest in India. A Brahmin in the employ of the railroad was our guide. Within a square of which each side extends nearly half a mile, are some fifteen lofty pyramidal gateways, and a large hall said to contain a thousand pillars. On the exterior are some remarkable caryatides of men on horseback, of which I have photographs. The priests are extremely bigoted and insolent in their refusal to permit us to see the interior of the temple; but we are conducted across a roof, and then along the coping of a high wall, where we enjoy the high privilege of seeing through an opera-glass the gilded top of the deity's head. We were told that this was all that was accorded to the Governor of Madras when he visited the temples. I wonder that the government will allow such hiding-places as this might be made for criminals or conspirators to exist in its midst. In Southern India there is great rivalry and strife between the Brahmins of Vishnu and Siva (two impersonations of Brahma), as with us exists between Catholics and Protestants. Each have their own marks, which they daub on between their eyes, extending upward to the forehead. This mark they even put on their sacred elephants. Some of the latter are attached to each temple, and they are taught to *salaam* visitors by lifting the trunk and trumpeting. Their drivers derive income from their picking up with their trunks small coin thrown on the ground before them, a feat which they perform with much dexterity. The remarkable feature of Trichinopoly is "the Rock," a great denuded hill, which has been cut into and built over with temples. It has flights of stairs to the top, where

the view is fine. It is a hard climb, as I can aver from personal experience. We did our best to purchase some of the jewelry of the country, but, as is the case everywhere, the best product is sent to be sold elsewhere as soon as finished.

TANJORE AND TRICHINOPOLY, February 19, 1873.

WE took the early train this morning for Tanjore. We were amused by our guide of yesterday, who not only wished from us the usual testimonial, but had it already written out for our signature. I am free to own that the fellow knew more of his own merits than I had been able to discover during our brief acquaintance. I signed, however. An American can't resist a testimonial or a subscription paper. We arrived at Tanjore at about half-past eight. A dâk bungalow is the only accommodation for travellers here; in fact, tourists do not often visit Southern India, and there is little preparation for their reception. We were guided to the building by a European policeman, who advised me, as the best way of doing the sights, to call upon Mr. Cadell, the Collector and principal functionary of the district, and ask for carriage and horses from the stables of the late Rajah. On sending in my card I was received very cordially, and immediately promised a carriage and a pass and guide through the Rajah's palace. I also received a pressing invitation to dine with the Collector the same evening, a civility which I accepted for both of us with cheerful promptness. The conveyance arriving at our bungalow in due time, we drove in it to the palace. The late Rajah was celebrated for his religious liberality, and his taste for literature and art. He was something of a poet, and a remarkable friendship existed between himself and the mis-

sionary Schwartz, who had great influence with him, and was of much service in his diplomacy with the English government. His audience-hall was adorned with a statue of his father, by Chantrey, for which, as a nabob, he had to pay a swingeing price for a piece of work of not very high order. His library was very valuable, and, in addition to a good English and French collection, it contained rare copies, in books and manuscript, of the Vedas and other Hindoo sacred writings. Some were on palm-leaves and opened and closed like the sticks of a fan, and some of the volumes were beautifully illuminated and illustrated. We were shown a large collection of the paraphernalia formerly used on grand occasions, such as gilt hats and robes, great fans of state, gold and silver sticks, and elephants' saddles (howdahs), with housings stiff with the precious metals. The jewels of the crown were locked up in the treasury, under charge of Mr. Cadell, who is guardian for the seven surviving queens and the endless number of royal children, and manages their estates and incomes. We were taken into cages where were chained tigers and leopards; but a very little of the smell and vicinity of the brutes was enough to content me. The great temple, one of the purest and loftiest in India, is about fourteen stories in height. Among the ornaments were pointed out to us an undeniable Quaker, with his broad-brimmed hat, and a European woman, with an old-fashioned bonnet, which our credulous guide informed us were designed by the ancient architect as a prophecy that the English must one day rule this part of India. The fact is, however, that during the war with Hyder Ali the temple was profaned and occupied as a barrack by British troops, and the illusion was probably created by the transformation

of some of the original figures by a waggish soldier with his pot of paint. There were some colossal bulls of black marble within the enclosure, the largest kept particularly shiny and greasy by the quantities of ghee (or butter-oil) poured over it by worshippers. The oleaginous substance is not, however, quite wasted, as a spout on one side of the platform carries off the surplus to a tank, and it then becomes a perquisite of the priests. Of course, like Moore's Peri disconsolate at the gate of Eden, we were compelled to stand outside the temple, and were not permitted to explore the glories of the interior.

On our afternoon's drive we were shown, lying on the ramparts of the city wall, one of the largest guns I have ever seen. It was a long cylinder of iron wedges, with great wrought-iron bands shrunk over them. Its length was twenty-three feet, and its bore twenty-two inches. I don't remember the dimensions of the celebrated bronze Turkish gun on the Kremlin, but this weapon seemed even larger than that. The bore, however, is very irregular, and I doubt its ever having been fired: if it should be, I don't think, with free volition, that I should remain in the vicinity.

We were shown a signal-tower in communication with a series of others through the province, and also with the temple, from which the priests were accustomed to flash semaphore signals over the whole country when the *god* had finished his dinner, after which the rulers and people were kindly permitted to eat theirs. We had a comfortable dinner at the Collector's, and were not at all displeased to find the wine cooled by home-made machine ice. Although it is February, a punka at night is a necessary of life.

TANJORE, February 20, 1873.

WE turned out at daylight, and the Collector kindly placed himself and horses at our disposal to see the town. We find him a most worthy and zealous public officer. He has risen regularly through the several grades of the civil service, knows the wants of the people, and devotes his whole time to thought and labor for the good of his district. His long service permits him to retire on a pension this year, a privilege of which he is about to avail himself in a few weeks. In our visit to the public garden, he pointed out to us a specimen of that bloated excrescence called the baobab-tree, only about twenty feet high, and nearly as many in girth. In a church near by he showed us a monument to Schwartz, with a memorial bas-relief, by Flaxman, representing the Rajah visiting the missionary's death-bed. I did not like on it the poetic license which made them for convenience in grouping grasp each other by the left hand. We then inspected the native jail, kept in excellent order, where the prisoners were employed in beating the fibre called "coir" from the husk of cocoanuts. They also weave matting, carpets, and linens. A Brahmin priest was confined for forgery, which, Mr. Cadell says, is *the* crime of the educated classes. He had lately been called upon to deal with a very aggravated case among the native missionaries. We have the public bungalow quite to ourselves; the house is new and clean, the servants attentive, and the cooking far from bad. Its accommodations are quite superior to half the hotels in the upper country, and we begin to think that we own the establishment, forgetting the rule that if other travellers come along, after having stayed a day, we must vacate and seek quarters elsewhere. As I was taking my afternoon siesta, I was aroused by

the thump of luggage deposited on the piazza. I listened, and concluded from his voice that the interloper was an American, and, on making reconnoissance through the blinds, was gratified to see that the new-comer was M——, our Boston fellow-traveller. Fear of ejection vanished, and to share with him our bed and board was not disagreeable. So we lit cigars and spent the afternoon in comparing notes, until the hour arrived for us to take our last dinner with Mr. Cadell, whose hospitality I trust we duly appreciated.

NEGAPATAM, February 21, 1873.

THIS morning we pack up our duds and leave the bungalow for the station, from which we are to take our last journey by rail in India. Our destination is Negapatam, the terminus of the railroad on the Coromandel coast. We have been prepared, by accounts, to find it the meanest place in the world, and for this reason have stayed away until the last moment; but now we must be off, to allow us a little margin on the time of arrival of the coast steamer. We chose the least among evils in the way of inns, and took possession of an unpromising, sweltering-looking place called the "British Hotel," awaiting the worst. Tiffin came, however, and the food and cooking proved good. We hired boys to fan us by day and night, and our prospects for worrying through twenty-four hours seemed to improve. About sundown we took a bandy, or cart, with two fast trotting bullocks, and reviewed the town. J—— was struck with a happy thought: he had seen the dancing-girls at Conjeveram, and approved the performance, which he also wished me to witness. He asked the landlord if we couldn't have a nautch at the hotel. He replied with great alacrity that we could, and that Negapatam was celebrated for its music

and dancers. We were the only guests in the house, and after dinner all the arrangements were completed. It must be remembered that these girls are especially trained to dance before the idols, and there was a queer touch of the religious in the preparations. Beautiful scarfs, artistically arranged, made of that sacred flower, the marigold, were provided, as were also bouquets for us to present to such performers as gratified us. Chains of white jessamine flowers (also sacred) were ready, to be worn by the guests present; also a large silver sprinkler filled with rose-water, to be used for the perfuming of room and dancers. The little parlor was brilliantly lighted. Our seats were under an arched doorway, where we could see and still enjoy the coolness of the punka behind us, and as we lolled in easy-chairs, smoking our cigars, we felt like rajahs, or nabobs at least. The musical accompaniment consisted of a clarionet, a kettle-drum, castanets, and cymbals. The performer on the latter is the fugleman of the whole,—a tall fellow, full of grimace, with a white turban, one corner of which rises above his left ear like a plume, or nods in unison with his energetic accompaniment of voice and hand. An overture of bizarre but not unpleasing music, and then the performer of the troupe, the nautch-girl herself, glides to the front. She is a dusky, graceful, well-moulded girl of about fifteen. Her head is covered with a close cap of jessamine flowers. She has eyes liquid and lustrous, pretty mouth, and white teeth, and a large ring of gold hangs from one nostril; her neck is loaded with heavy gold ornaments and beads. She wears long, dangling ear-rings, and a kind of vest with stripes of gold, bracelets also, and heavy gold armlets above the elbow. A robe of white muslin, embroidered with silver, is caught by

a girdle, and extends to her feet, of which the ankles were hidden by encircling rings covered with little bells. She comes forward, salaams gracefully the masters of the feast, receives her flowers and her sashes of marigolds, and places the last across her shoulder; she steps back, is rose-water-sprinkled, the music strikes up, and the dance commences. To give an idea of the movement would be as difficult as to describe the rippling of water or the motion of the air. It was perfectly natural and graceful, and entirely modest. I think some of our female gymnasts who bounce so awkwardly about the stage should be sent to India to take a lesson in the grace of their art. The action and expression of the eyes, the head, the neck, and the arms constituted the dance. The lower limbs were little called upon for display beyond their use in posing and kneeling. They certainly performed no skyward, Terpsichorean flights. It was only as the music waxed fiercer and wilder that the girl performed a kind of double shuffle, which made her ankle-bells rattle like twenty castanets. The music was a fit and spirited accompaniment. All the orchestra sang except the clarionet, who could not well do so, and it was beautiful in the more excited parts to see our friend with the white turban following close behind the dancer, leaning over her or stooping down at her side and gazing up at her face with well-affected admiration, and at rapid periods coming out with thrilling power on his instruments. The whole entertainment was most novel and Oriental, and was a full expression of my preconceived ideas with regard to the Bayaderes of the East. The spectators who understood the pantomime were enchanted. The principal artiste was most indefatigable; when she did not dance she sang solo or joined in the choruses, and

seemed a little disappointed when we dismissed the troupe at about eleven o'clock. When our purpose of ending the performance was understood, they asked permission to sing one more song. The "Prima" and an elder dancing-girl seated themselves on the floor, and sang a plaintive air, of which Abdul translated the burden to mean,—

> "It is getting late,
> The poor nautch-girl is tired.
> Will the sahib permit her to salaam
> And to wish him good sleep?"

Our entertainment seemed quite an event in Negapatam. I think all the Europeans in the place invited themselves in, as did many Baboos and natives. I imagine they hoped to have a night of it, and were disappointed at our "early closing movement."

NEGAPATAM, February 22, 1873.

ON turning out this morning, we were disappointed in not finding our steamer in port. To kill time we hired a trap, and went over to look at a mosque about five miles off, at a place called Nagoor. The drive was pretty, but the structure nothing to speak of. Returning, we picked up a snake-charmer, with his band of musicians, and made him give us a private performance. He exhibited a fine hooded cobra, caused him to dance and to hold his head in the air until he could touch it with his tongue. He also gave us a very quaint dance with puppets, which he placed on his hands and gyrated to appropriate music.

About sundown the welcome sound of a gun announced the arrival of the British India steamer Bagdad, and we made arrangements to be put on board. Our luggage and ourselves

were stowed into a surf-boat. It was after dark as we dashed through the surf, our crew chanting in chorus. Every break of the waves and each dip of the oar made the water gleam with phosphorescence. The night was soft and delicious, and as we go up the side of the ship, a parting look at the land dimly reveals the long plumes of the palms waving slowly against the sky. Fairly on board, everybody was civil and attentive. A nice supper was soon spread before us. Ice specially shipped from Madras added greatly to its enjoyment. Steam was up, and as we got under way we drank in champagne two toasts. To the first, as good Americans, we were in duty bound: it was,

"Washington's Birthday!"

and the other was,

"Farewell to India."

This journal was written by General Tyler for the eyes of his immediate family only, with no idea that it would ever appear in print. The personal allusions and criticisms which it contains, although in no sense ill-natured or calculated to wound the feelings of those referred to, would possibly have been omitted or altered by him had he foreseen their publication. It is deemed essential now, however, that they be retained, as showing his views and impressions more characteristically than changes in the text made by another could.

THE EDITOR.

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